

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. II NO. 25.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year Advance.

IRVING PARK.

C. O. O. F.—IRVING PARK LODGE, No. 100, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday evening, in Masonic Hall, Irving Park, at 8 o'clock. All brothers are cordially invited to visit us.

G. L. WRIGHT, N. G.
F. E. HOLTON, Sec. Secy.

A. H. HILL & CO.
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS.

We make a specialty of Irving Park real estate, vacant and improved. We own a number of choice residence lots on the best streets in the Park, and are willing to sell at very low prices to good parties wishing to build.

Office, 155 & 157 Washington street, Chicago.
Residence, Park avenue, Irving Park.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Made and Repaired. Irving Park Laundry, only first class work, goods collected and delivered.

Irving Park News Stand, daily, weekly and monthly papers, at HUSSEY'S.

REFORMED CHURCH.—Rev. W. Hall Williams, Pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. to 12 m. Rice, Supr. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday at 1:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, at 8 p. m. All costs are free.

M. E. CHURCH.—SUNDAY SERVICE: Sunday school, 10:30 a. m. to 12 m. Rice, Supr. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday at 1:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, at 8 p. m. All costs are free.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. No sermon at 7:30 p. m. All are free and strangers are cordially invited to attend. It would also give to great pleasure to become personally acquainted with all who attend St. John's Episcopal Church. Rev. Wm. Richmond, Priest-in-Charge, residence corner of Everett street and Dearborn avenue.

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fairly on the track the engine crashed into the rig before he had time to jump and save his life. Valk was thrown about forty feet ahead of the engine. He struck on the track, but had no sooner felt than the pilot of the engine had overtaken him. He was pushed along over the ties in front of the engine until his body was literally ground into a pulp. The horse was instantly killed and thrown several feet in the air. Valk's mangled body was taken to Klammer's morgue on Milwaukee avenue.

This is but one more victim added to the already long list, and we fear it will not be the last if the authorities do not force the railroad company to put up gates or have watchmen stationed at the law directs.

NORWOOD PARK.

AMERICAN REFORMED CHURCH.—Services at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Rev. J. S. Johnson, Pastor. N. H. Bates, Supr. of Sunday school.

ST. ALBANS EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Sunday Services at 11 a. m. Rev. Mr. Richardson, Pastor. G. B. Suche, Supr. of Sunday school.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Services at 9:45 a. m. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Rev. Geo. E. Schaub, Pastor. Christ Ebling, Supr. of Sunday school.

BRAND LIGHT LODGE, F. & A. M.—B. Lawrence, W. M.; F. G. Barnard, S. W.; H. A. Van Haldering, Secy.; A. G. Low, Treas.; J. Walmsley, Secy.; C. J. Debarndt, S. D.; E. S. Halliday, J. D.; F. A. Rich, S. S.; N. H. Bates, J. S.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.—C. J. Debarndt, F. A. Rich, B. A. Lawrence, J. H. Brown, J. B. Foot, Geo. Oddy, Trustees. H. A. Donaldson, Clerk. F. M. Fox, Treasurer. D. M. Hall, Attorney. F. B. Norton, Supr. Water Works.

POST OFFICE.—H. A. Donaldson & Co.'s store. H. A. Donaldson, P. M. Mail arrives, 8:30 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.; leaving at 7:45 and 9:25 a. m.; 6:30 p. m.

NORWOOD PARK HALL COMPANY.—Meeting of Board of Directors first Saturday of each month at Hall.

PAULINE A. CLAYTON, Pres. JACOB ECKOFF, Treas. JAS. WALMSLEY, Secy.

Mr. J. N. Faithorn, Sr. was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Fred Muehrcke spent last Sunday with friends in Chicago.

Mrs. H. V. Reed, of Chicago, made a short visit here on Monday.

We are to have a Merchant Tailor in the Hall building at an early day.

Mr. H. A. Donaldson claims to have the finest eight months old boy in Cook County.

Miss May Seymour is making a prolonged visit with friends in Rockford, Ill.

Methodist preaching every Sunday evening at 7:30 in the Hall. All are welcome.

The organ used at the Hall is from the well known house of "Ester and Camp".

Mrs. H. V. Reed, of Chicago, visited last week with her daughter, Mrs. Earle Reed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Drake has been confined to the house for several days past with a cold.

Miss Nellie Brunhardt, of Des Plaines, was a guest of the Misses Mason for a few days of last week.

Mr. Robert Orr is quite indisposed, so much so that he has been excused from his duties as Juror.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson, of Chicago, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Walmsley on Sunday last.

Mrs. Frank Harris and eldest daughter Lora, who have been quite ill for some time, are recovering nicely.

Dr. A. E. Chamberlain Homeopathic Physician has opened an office in the drug store. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 4 p. m.

Doctor Chamberlain may be seen often going his rounds on a growing practice; his office is in Mr. Flander's drug store in the Town Hall.

The Y. P. S. C. E. was led last Sunday evening by Mr. Kietzing, who spoke at some length and with deep feeling upon his subject. "Personal invitations, have you given any?"

At the Auditorium "The Deestrick Skule" of fifty years ago. The committee meet every Friday evening Jan. 23rd to visit the Skule and invite the entire neighborhood to be present. Come one and all. Admission 25 cents.

The ball given by the Norwood Pleasure Club, at the Town Hall last Friday evening was a decided success. Every one went home in the "wee small hours" well pleased with a most delightful evening, and already the question is heard "When is the next ball coming off?"

The Methodist society newly organized here, held divine services in the Town Hall last Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m. Rev. S. C. Leavell won all hearts by his earnest and pleasing address and he was much encouraged by the large number of people assembled to hear him. The organ was presided over by Mrs. Culom and the hall proved its capacity by resounding with melody. It is to be hoped that success will crown their efforts and that all our citizens will do their utmost to help along this little band in their efforts to found a Methodist church.

As announced by cards circulated through the Village, there was preaching at the Town Hall Sabbath evening at 7:30 by the Rev. S. C. Leavell, and a good and wide-a-wake audience listened to what the preacher had to say and hear they did. He spoke without notes and put that old, old text "Ye must be born again" in such a new and practical way that he carried the attention of his audience from the beginning to end of his discourse. He spoke earnestly and thoughtfully and with energy and force of one who hears the message of the King of Kings. People went to their homes feeling they had been fed with the "Bread of Life" and from their hearts resolving to search their lives and characters and see if they had really been born again.

One thing sure, the Methodist Episcopal Church has come to stay this time and they will welcome and receive you with open arms and try to do you good, following the example of the Blessed Master.

Next Sabbath evening efforts will be made to have the sittings arranged so to enable all to face the speaker.

It was a gratification to see how heartily the people all joined in those good old Methodist times. The music will be made a feature of the service as well. Come and bring your friends and in this

BARRINGTON REVIEW,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, SATURDAY, AT
BARRINGTON, COOK COUNTY, ILL.

Office in Lamey Block.

M. T. LAMEY, LOCAL EDITOR.

P. C. FURBUSH, PUBLISHER.

J. L. N. SMYTHE, ADV. MANAGER.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Daniel Wilke of Kewanee, Ill., was killed by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of Paul Streicher.

The Chesapeake & Ohio canal will be widened and deepened, and will be used for coal traffic.

Canada is covered by a snowstorm that impedes all travel, the drifts being six feet deep at some places.

Twenty thousand persons attended the Parnell meeting at Limerick to cheer Parnell and his Gladstone.

It is said that Emperor William of Germany contemplates making a proposition for the disarmament of Europe and the disbanding of the present standing armies.

Trains collided on the Third avenue 'L' road at One Hundred and Eighteenth street, New York, and one engine was thrown to the street below, and no one was hurt except the engineer and fireman of one engine, and these not serious.

An attempt by Canadian mounted police to prevent a band of Turtle Mountain Indians from crossing the border to the United States caused a fight, in which one officer and two Indians were killed. There is alarm among the settlers of Bottineau, N. D. The hostiles near Pine Ridge, S. D., who promised Gen. Miles they would come in, failed to do so.

The man arrested at Olet on suspicion of being Padlewski, the supposed murderer of Gen. Selverstoff, was found to be insane. It is not certain that he is Padlewski, although he claimed to be.

John Tierney, a Boston workman, while placing a globe on an incandescent light, received an electric shock which killed him instantly.

The body of Peter Sullivan, who left Lima, Ohio, just before Christmas to visit his sons in Chicago, has been found in the river near Hobart, Ind.

Secretary of State Blaine acknowledged to a friend that he could go no further in the Behring sea controversy with England; that the United States had nothing to fight with, and that to insist on its rights meant a resort to arms.

Benjamin Davis of Savannah, Ga., has disappeared. He left home one day last week to go to Ridgeland, S. C., where he was to marry his cousin, and has not been seen by his friends since that time.

Collisions with cable trains interrupted two funeral processions at Chicago. The driver of one hearse was thrown to the ground and badly injured. In the second accident a carriage without occupants was demolished.

The Iowa State prohibition conference will be held at Des Moines Jan. 29 and 30.

Ex-President Cleveland addressed the young Democrats of Pennsylvania at a banquet at Philadelphia.

Voting for United States Senator will begin in the Illinois Legislature Jan. 20.

The Hon. W. T. Carrington, ex-collector of the port of Morgan City, La., lost his life in the burning of his home.

The reports sent out by a correspondent at Mason City to the effect that the Iowa Central had discharged all unnecessary employees and reduced from 15 to 50 per cent the wages of all those retained is without foundation.

The wife of Perry McDowell, foreman on the Kinto ranch, near Newman, Cal., was shot and killed by an unknown man.

Mrs. Jerome Signal has mysteriously disappeared from Clinton, Iowa.

George Bradford, who lives near Hartford, Mich., has just been married for the sixth time.

Roland Bahr, an artist, was drowned while skating at Grand Haven, Mich.

Sheriff Pugh, of Spokane Falls, Wash., captured a band of cattle thieves after a desperate fight. Several prominent butchers are thought to be implicated with them.

Three boys, aged 15, 17, and 19 years were caught at Springfield, Mass., and confessed to having committed a series of twenty-three burglaries in and about the city.

Frank Hendricks, a half-breed Sioux living near Martinsville, Ind., claims to be the genuine Indian Messiah.

A "Big Four" freight collided with an Indiana Midland mixed train at New Ross, Ind., and caused \$10,000 damages.

James McKay, a traveling man for the Aldrich Cracker company of Chicago, was arrested and jailed at Bloomington, Ill., on the charge of embezzling \$300 of his employers' money.

At Clinton, Iowa, Frank Davis, a plasterer, aged 35 years, without provocation, stabbed Spencer Dewey, Sr., a saloon-keeper. Dewey was recovering, but had a relapse and died.

A. P. Miller of Oelwein, Iowa, committed suicide at Dubuque.

Jessie Dougherty, a young girl, was burned to death at Danville, Ill. Her clothes caught fire from the grate.

The son of the late Emory A. Storrs, George H., was declared to be a lunatic by a commission in New York. The custody of his property was given to his wife, who recently secured a limited divorce from him.

Gen. Miles has received official information of the killing near the hostile camp of Lieut. Casey of the Twenty-second Infantry, who had ventured too near the savages. He was shot through the head. Gen. Brooke, who sent this startling information, also reports heavy firing in the direction of the hostile camp.

At the joint convention of the Houses of the New Hampshire Legislature, Hiram A. Tuttle (Rep.) was elected governor over Amos (Dem.), 185 to 150.

At Portland, Ore., the police seized 300 pounds of smuggled opium, valued at \$3,000. The drug was brought from British Columbia by Northern Pacific trainmen.

The naval commission appointed to select sites for a navy yard and dry dock on the Gulf coast is still at work inspecting localities. It is now examining both banks of the Mississippi below New Orleans.

Fire destroyed three stores at Cairo, Ill., causing a loss of about \$105,000. The insurance is figured at \$57,000.

The thirteenth game in the chess match for the championship of the world between Steinitz and Gunsberg was won Wednesday by Steinitz after forty moves.

Mrs. Edna Feary of Shelbyville got \$2,000 damages from Samuel Hamilton of Madison, Ind., for injuries sustained by falling into his cistern.

In the death at Manitowoc, Wis., of Linas Lawrence, the coroner has returned a verdict that the beating which he received at his son's hands was not the cause of his death.

The Indiana State Board of Agriculture asks for an appropriation of \$300,000 for its display in the world's fair at Chicago, Ill.

At a caucus of Democrats of the Indiana Legislature, Mason J. Niblack was nominated for Speaker.

The 4-year-old daughter of John Boblett, at Springfield, Ohio, was burned to death while playing with fire.

The Hon. Anson S. Miller, formerly of Illinois, and a leading Republican, being a member of the first National convention of the party, died at his home at Santa Cruz, Cal.

The Rev. Howard B. MacQuary, rector of an Episcopal church at Canton, Ohio, was placed on trial at Cleveland, Ohio, Wednesday, on the charge that in his book, "Evolution of Man and Christianity," he expressed heretical views.

A runaway horse attached to a meat wagon dashed through the plate-glass front of a drug store at Toledo, Ohio. The horse was badly cut by the glass.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIANS.

Gen. Schofield Says the Government Should Make Soldiers of Them.

Washington telegram: Gen. Schofield sympathizes to a certain extent with the Indians in their recent troubles. He says most of the troubles were brought about by the uneven administration of their affairs. In saying this he does not for a moment criticize Congress or the Interior department, but merely alludes to the fact that in the appropriation of money from time to time for Indians the amounts vary, and so the supplies for Indians must vary also. If it had been possible to have \$500,000 for the Sioux this year there might have been no trouble. Gen. Schofield says the enlisting of Indians as scouts in the army will in the end prevent future trouble. He says the Indians make good soldiers. They are naturally warriors and take great pride in their occupation. When they once have uniforms on their backs they are willing to do any work which soldiers are called upon to do. They are magnificent horsemen and will form the basis for a fine native cavalry. When asked if he did not fear the results that first followed the employment of the Sepoys by the British in India, he said the mistake there was in permitting the native regiments to be officered by natives. He would not make that mistake in enlisting Indians. They should always be officered by whites.

BREAD MONOPOLY.

Judges Refuse the American Biscuit Company's Application.

A New Orleans special says: In the Circuit Court of the United States, in the case of the American Biscuit and Manufacturing company vs. Bernard Klotz et al., Judges Pardee and Billings handed down their decision. The application was refused on the ground that any attempt to accumulate in the hands of a single organization the business of supplying bread itself to so large a portion of the poor as well as to the rich people of the United States should not be favored by a court of equity. It carries with it too much danger of excluding healthy competition, thereby increasing the difficulty to the general public of participating in a most useful business as well as adding to the possibility of multitudes of citizens being temporarily at least compelled to pay an arbitrary and high price for daily food.

BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS.

Termination of the Domestic Infelicities of C. W. May, of Terre Haute.

2 Terre Haute, Ind., telegram: Charlie W. May, a well-known young man of this city, called on his wife in an intoxicated condition and holding in one hand a revolver. Being informed that she was not at home he went to the side of the house, placed the revolver in his mouth, and blew out his brains. He had been married but two years and had quarreled and left his wife repeatedly. She was 25 years of age. May took his wife's life and then do away with himself.

WISSMAN WILL RETIRE.

Emin Pasha and Herr Soden to Govern German East Africa.

London Dispatch: The Berlin correspondent of the Standard says it appears settled that Emin Pasha is to be Governor of the western portion of German East Africa, including the lake territory, and Herr Soden to be governor over the remainder. Baron Wissman will probably retire or be sent to settle affairs in West Africa. He is displeased because he was not appointed head of the new colonial department.

VALUABLE HORSES BURNED.

The Winter Home of a Circus Visited by Flames.

In Chicago: The stables of the French Amusement company, a traveling circus, located in the old Libby, McNeil & Libby storehouse at 1630 to 1634 State street, caught fire and were burned, entailing a loss of \$30,000. Of thirty-eight horses quartered in the barn sixteen were roasted alive, the others being gotten out safely by the circus employees.

Denounce Spain's Customs Policy.

A cablegram says: At a free traders' meeting in Madrid recently, the speakers vigorously denounced the proposed changes in the customs regulations of the kingdom. They declared that the carrying out of such proposals would provoke the lower class of the Spanish people to rebellion and aggravate the present aspect of the social question.

The Socialists of the city also held a meeting which had for its object the advocacy of universal suffrage. Several violent speeches were made. Finally the speakers began quarreling with one another, and became so boisterous that the meeting broke up.

Death of the Man Who Rebuilt Paris.

From Paris: Baron Hausmann, the famous contractor and administrator who reconstructed Paris in the days of Napoleon III, died suddenly of congestion of the lungs, aged 82. Since the downfall of the second empire he had withdrawn from public life.

United States Marshal Will Dead.

At Philadelphia, Penn., Andrew H. Dill, United States marshal for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, and ex-Senator, died of Bright's disease.

SCORES GOV. FORAKER.

STINGING WORDS FROM THE BALLOT BOX COMMITTEE.

Murat Halstead and the Ex-Governor Condemned for Their Part in the Business.

At Washington, D. C.: The report of the ballot box committee, which last session made an extensive investigation into Ohio political affairs in connection with alleged subscriptions by members of Congress for stock in a patent ballot box, has been presented to the House by Mr. Mason of Illinois, the chairman of the investigating committee of five. The main report, which is signed by all the members of the committee, says:

In response to the first inquiry directed by the resolution—viz: "By whom was said alleged contract prepared and whether the several signatures appended thereto are forged or genuine?" we find that said alleged contract was dictated (prepared) by Richard G. Wood and that all the signatures thereto are forged.

In response to the second inquiry directed by the resolution—viz: "If forged, what person or persons, if any, were directly or indirectly aiding, abetting, assisting, or knowingly consenting to the preparation or uttering of said forged, and for what purpose?" we find that Richard G. Wood, Richard and L. Millard, and Frank S. Davis, were the persons directly or indirectly aiding, abetting, assisting, or knowingly consenting to the preparation of said forged, with knowledge of its character; that Millard and Davis were without evil intent in the part they took in the transaction.

We further find that G. B. Foraker and Murat Halstead aided in uttering said forged, Mr. Foraker by exhibiting the paper to several persons and thereafter delivering it to Mr. Halstead, and Mr. Halstead aided in uttering said forged by publishing the said forged paper Oct. 4, 1899, in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette; and we find that neither of said parties, Foraker and Halstead, in uttering said paper knew the same was a forgery.

WILLIAM E. MASON, WILLIAM COWSWELL, I. S. STRUBLE, H. G. TURNER, WILLIAM L. WILSON.

The supplementary report signed by all the members except Chairman Mason reports the following additional findings:

We think that the conduct of Wood during the negotiations with Gov. Foraker and also pending the execution of their agreement disclosed his depravity.

We also believe that a careful scrutiny of the face of the forged paper must have shown its false character. The high stations attained in public affairs in public confidence by the persons whose names were forged should have suggested verification of the corrupt paper before it was uttered or published. Information as to its real character was near and easy of access, as disclosed by the report of the committee.

The publication of the false paper in the Commercial Gazette, showing Mr. Campbell's name and suppressing all other signatures, was almost as bad as the original fabrication of the paper. It was a spoliation of evidence. The entire incident, the committee has been instructed to investigate is an example of political methods deserving the condemnation of all parties and all good citizens.

INDIANA'S GAS SUPPLY.

No Diminution of Pressure in the Vicinity of the Wells.

The Sentinel of Indianapolis, Ind., prints elaborate reports from the natural gas fields of the State as to the present condition and prospects of the gas supply. The tenor of these reports is encouraging. At Muncie, Anderson, Marion, and other leading gas towns no perceptible diminution of pressure is reported. There is an abundance of gas for domestic, manufacturing and illuminating purposes, and there are absolutely no indications of a falling off in the supply. Many wells have failed, but wells sunk in close proximity to them are yielding freely.

DOCKERY IS ANXIOUS.

He Wants His Silver Pool Resolution Rescued from a Committee.

A Washington dispatch says: In the House Mr. Dockery offered a resolution reciting the fact that his "silver-pool" resolution item had been referred to the committee on rules, and that committee had refused to report the same, and directing the chairman to report it to the House for consideration. The resolution had been referred on the first day of the session. The session was now half gone, and nothing had been done. The House ought not to adjourn, he thought, until it had expulced the innocent and placed condemnation where it rightfully belonged.

SHORT \$100,000.

Major Woodruff, State Treasurer of Arkansas, in Trouble.

Little Rock, Ark., dispatch: Two experts have been at work for some time upon the books of State Treasurer Woodruff, and one of the booksmen is reported as saying that they have already discovered a shortage of \$94,000 and are not yet through with the work. It is said the shortage may be over \$100,000.

Capt. Norton Goes to St. Cloud.

St. Cloud, Minn., dispatch: Capt. Des Norton, night captain at the prison here, has been notified by a telegram from Supt. Myers of the St. Cloud (Minn.) State reformatory of his appointment as assistant superintendent of that institution, in place of Capt. Garvin, who has been made warden at Stillwater. Capt. Norton will accept and take his post Jan. 15. He was formerly of the Chicago police force.

Fatal Duel Between Ranchmen.

Leadville, Col., telegram: John Morris and Frank C. Gathman, two well-known ranchmen of Carbondale, met in this city yesterday and renewed an old quarrel. Both drew revolvers and several shots were exchanged. Both men are fatally wounded.

Stole a Steam Tow Boat.

From Madison, Ind.: While Superintendent Elliott was at dinner the steamer Hotspur ran into the ship-yard docks, cut the ropes and took the immense unfinished steam tow boat Washdown the river without authority.

LAMAR MAY SOON RETIRE.

His Growing Feebleness Remarkably Frequenters of the Supreme Court.

Washington telegram: Justice Lamar's growing feebleness is remarked by all



JUSTICE LAMAR.

frequenters of the Supreme Court. At the President's New Year's reception he appeared with the other Justices, but most of the time he appeared to be in one of his old-time reveries, forgetful of all his surroundings. It is said that he finds the routine work of the court irksome, and often only gives his attention to the arguments going on by the greatest exercise of will power. Since President Cleveland put him on the bench to gratify a personal friendship Justice Lamar has never lightened the labors of the court much, though he has faithfully sought to perform the work assigned to him by the chief justice in writing opinions. In the not improbable event of Justice Lamar's retirement within the next year or so he would not be able to enjoy the pay of a Supreme Court Justice because he would not have had ten years' continuous service on the bench. Nor would he have reached the age of 70. But he has a comfortable private fortune.

AFRAID OF MANITOBA SIOUX.

Scare of Settlers in North Dakota Desert Their Homes.

A Bismark special says: Gov. Burke has received dispatches from Adjutant-General Devoy, Maj. Makee, and Capt. Yorkley, who are at Bottineau, stating that the situation on the Manitoba border is not serious. No outbreak has occurred, though the Indians are dancing and firing their guns day and night. The settlers have fled from their homes by the score, and this fact leads Gov. Burke to do everything in his power to prevent an uprising and allay the excitement.

The Governor shipped 250 stands of arms from Bismark to be distributed at Bottineau. He also telegraphed Senator Casey to see that 1,000 stands of rifles and a Gatling gun were forwarded by the War department by first freight. Every militia company in the State is in readiness to move on short notice.

A special from Valley City, N. D., says: The city has been in a ferment of excitement all day. Shortly after midnight the bugle-call to arms was sounded, and within an hour the members of Company G, First Regiment, N. D. G., had assembled at the armory, where Capt. Peak read a telegram from Gov. Burke ordering the company to be ready to proceed to the frontier at an hour's notice. By daylight the company was ready, and is now momentarily expecting orders to go to the front. Tom Elliott of Ransom county has just telegraphed Gov. Burke an offer to raise and equip a full company of cavalry inside of two days.

WHEAT IN THE NORTHWEST.

Stocks of Grain in Store in Minnesota and Dakota.

At Minneapolis the Market Record sums up the wheat situation in the Northwest as follows:

	Bushels
Received in Minneapolis.....	20,010,000
Received in Duluth.....	10,540,000
Ground in country mills.....	11,000,000
Shipped wheat.....	1,500,000
Reserve for seed.....	10,000,000
Reserve for bread.....	6,000,000
Amount in country elevators.....	8,801,000
Surplus now in farmers' hands.....	13,500,000
Total.....	50,444,000

EJECTED THE REPORTER.

Gov. Buchanan Summarily Bounced an Objectionable Newspaper Man.

A sensation was created in Nashville, Tenn., when Gov-elect Buchanan seized J. W. Brent, a newspaperman, and ejected him from his room. Brent had called upon Mr. Buchanan and solicited an interview for his paper, which was denied on the ground that Brent had misrepresented him during the campaign. Mr. Buchanan denounced a certain statement in the paper as an infamous lie. Brent denied the authorship of the statement and inquired if Mr. Buchanan intended an insult, whereupon he was ejected.

CYCLONE IN TEXAS.

Three Houses Laid Low and Haystacks Sent Soaring About Like Kites.

Yoakum, Tex. A cyclone passed above the town and about two and a half miles west of Yoakum, working havoc as it went. The path of the storm was about 300 feet in width. As far as heard from three houses were demolished. Trees were uprooted and haystacks sailed in the air like kites. No one was injured.

DIPLOMATIC RECOGNITION.

Sir George Errington Thinks the Pope Should Be Treated as a Sovereign.

From London: Sir George Errington has made a statement strongly advocating the diplomatic recognition of the holy see by the British government. He says: "Italy and other European powers, Protestant as well as Catholic, think there is nothing derogatory in treating the Pope as a sovereign, and even Italy is of the opinion that it is better that the communications that are sure to be made to the Vatican should pass through a friendly government than through other channels usually hostile to Italy."

Three Indians Drowned.

A Vancouver, B. C., special says: Tuesday afternoon, while Capt. George, chief of a tribe of Indians near here, was returning home in a canoe with another Indian and a squaw the two men quarreled. One of the men cut the bottom of the canoe out with an ax, and all three were drowned. The Indians were intoxicated.

High Water at Johnstown.

The river at Johnstown, Pa., is going up at the rate of six inches an hour, causing considerable alarm, as a heavy gorge of ice is likely to come down at any time.

INDIANS BEGIN FIRING.

TROOPS AND HOSTILES EXCHANGE SHOTS.

Firing has begun to the north of the agency at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The Indians that have broken away from the main band are trying their best to spread terror among the friendly Indians here. At Dougherty's quarters, just north of the agency, within 2,000 yards of headquarters, pickets have been exchanging shots.

It is evident that the friendly element of the young bucks are bent on breaking loose and doing what harm they can to settlers before the main band has a chance to reach the agency. About thirty Indians reached Pine Ridge agency. The bucks were disarmed beyond Dougherty's and Campbell's camp. One fellow concealed his gun beneath his blanket and got in. He was disarmed by an Indian scout before he could fire the shot intended to rouse the friendlies. Of the thirty who came in a part were Brules. They have been separated from the Ogallalas, but it is hard to tell now which branch of the Sioux is most vicious.

The main body of reds has moved one mile. They are camped once more and a present of a wagon load of tobacco under a policy of peace will probably keep them there until it is used up. In the meantime the young bucks are going on raids and burning every house that they come across. Gen. Brooke closed in to a point occupied the previous day by Indians. He is now within one mile of the hostiles and were it not for the fact that the raiders strike to the southwest and east Brooke's command would have its hands full. The reds are using every excuse to avoid hurrying to the agency. A broken bridge across White Clay Creek, has been a reason advanced for their slow progress. When they went out the point at the creek in question was crossed with a rush.

SENT TO THE BOTTOM.

Twelve Men Go Down With the Steamer Bear.

The steamer Britannia from Leith came into collision with the steamer Bear from Grangemouth in the Firth of Forth, Scotland. The Bear sank immediately, the crew having no time to launch a boat or make any effort whatever to save themselves. Of the fourteen men on board the Bear twelve went down with the vessel. The two others were rescued by a boat from the Britannia. After the collision the Britannia, which was badly damaged, transferred its forty-five passengers to the steamer Thames and was then taken in tow by that vessel, the two steamers proceeding slowly in the direction of Leith. They had not gone far, however, before the hawser connecting the vessels was snapped asunder, and before another line could be carried to the damaged vessel it gave a terrible plunge and sank beneath the waves. Fortunately, the crew had put on life belts after the collision with the Bear, and all, with the exception of the chief engineer, managed to keep afloat until they were picked up by boats from the steamer Thames. The chief engineer went down with the vessel and nothing was seen of him again.

IT IS AT AN END.

The Revolution in Chili Said to Have Been Only a Street Riot.

Further enquiry was made at the Chilean legation in Washington with reference to the reported outbreak in Valparaiso. Members of the legation say that they have been informed that only a street riot had occurred. Private advices received here by cable via Buenos Ayres represent that an attempt to impeach President Balmaceda, growing out of his long conflict with Congress, led to the general riot. According to the latest reports sent from Valparaiso the government has suppressed the disturbance.

SHOT DEAD AT THE ALTAR.

A Bride Killed in Church by an Unknown Assassin.

In Marion county, fifty miles east of this place, says a Jasper, Ala., dispatch, a bride was shot dead as she stood at the marriage altar. George Estes and Fannie Hogan were married at a country church in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Just as the ceremony was concluded a shot was fired through a window, and the bride fell dead with a load of buckshot in her body. A discarded lover who once told Miss Hogan she should never marry any one else is suspected of the murder.

WRECKED ON LONG ISLAND.

The Schooner Otter Welsh Goes Ashore—Two of the Crew Drowned.

A New York special says the two-masted schooner Otter Welsh, from St. Kitts, with a cargo of salt, went ashore at Bellport, L. I.

Two men were drowned in coming ashore. The rest of the crew, seven in all, were saved. The schooner lies broadside on the beach and is full of water.

PENALTY OF DISOBEDIENCE.

Nine Persons Drowned in the Seine by Breaking Through the Ice.

Paris cablegram: A party of nine persons in attempting to cross the Seine on the ice this morning broke through and all were drowned. The authorities had forbidden people to cross the ice, but the order was recklessly disobeyed.

Flooded with Spurious Silver Dollars.

Houston, Tex., dispatch: This city is flooded with spurious silver dollar and for the past few days the banks have been throwing them out by the hundreds. They are dated from 1886 to 1890 and are first-class imitations, only being a little off in weight.

France Must Be Officially Represented.

Paris cablegram: La Sicile, in a long and friendly article on the world's fair at Chicago, advises the government to accept the official invitation of the United States when it comes, urging that the interests of France require that her industries should be represented.

A Lunatic Sets Fire to a Jail.

An Iron River, Mich., special says: James O'Rourke, an insane man confined in the jail there, set fire to the building and was burned so badly before rescued that he died in a few minutes.

ILLINOIS NEWS.

—William Jones, a brakeman, was killed at Dixon.

—Scarlet fever and measles are prevalent at Paxton.

—Elias Schenberger, a merchant, died suddenly at Kirkwood.

—A Scott County farmers' alliance was formed in Winchester.

—Near St. Francisville Gabe Toung shot himself through the brain.

—Mrs. Manie Allen was seriously burned at Decatur, by a gas stove.

—The President approved the bill for a public building at Bloomington.

—Willie Lannon, a boy of nine years, was killed by a cable train in Chicago.

—Mrs. Enbrecht, of Aurora, died from injuries received by falling down stairs.

—William Henry Wright died suddenly in his home in Jacksonville, aged 28 years.

—Lewis Miller, of Kirkwood, who had both his feet cut off by the cars recently, has died.

—An unknown woman left her child in a hotel at LaSalle, and then left for parts unknown.

—Florence Stevens, of Rockford, aged 18, attempted suicide with arsenic, but was stopped in time.

—Jessie Dougherty, a young girl, was burned to death at Danville. Her clothes caught fire from the grate.

—The jewelry stock of Henry J. Young, of Kankakee, was seized by the sheriff on attachments exceeding \$3,000.

—Workmen employed in sinking a well for the Illinois Central at Tuscola, struck a vein of coal at 170 feet.

—Franchises have been granted by the city council of Sullivan for an electric street railway and electric lights.

—T. J. Ryan,

FOR THE LADIES.

SELECTED MATTER OF INTEREST TO FEMININITY.

Love's Blindness—The Simplest Cooking Is the Best—French Versus American Girls—Etc., Etc.

Love, "they" say, is a blind little boy. Brings deep pain and deeper joy. I think "they" are much mistaken. Or by sense have been forsaken.

Blind, indeed! Yet, at his will. Aims an arrow with such skill. That he pierces hardest heart. Think you 'twas a blind boy's dart?

Blind, you say? Nay, Love's not blind; More skilled archer you'll not find. Wait till he has pierced your heart. Then you'll know he aimed his dart.

—Rose Seely Miller.

Simplest Cooking Is the Best.

With no desire to disparage the many excellent recipes found in the culinary department of most papers of the day, yet there are many that cannot be conscientiously endorsed on economic and hygienic principles, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. We read of wonderful combinations of fish, flesh and fowl, of condiments and relishes containing a large per cent of spices, mustard and cayenne pepper, all of which are harmful, and if their use is long continued sooner or later lead to diseases of the digestive organs. From experience, I know that the average housekeeper who takes charge of all the household machinery has but little time to bestow on experimental cookery, with no assurance that these foreign-made dishes will suit the Yankee palate when completed. This is, indeed, "time wasted." The health of the family should be every mother's first consideration, and in catering to the wants of the family let her choose only such dishes as are simple, economic and healthful, scrupulously avoiding all kinds of high-seasoned food, rich and indigestible pastries and puddings. The simplest way of cooking is the best, because it is most healthful. In regard to soups, while a few kinds of vegetables may be admissible, many cooks add such a variety of vegetables and flavoring herbs as to destroy completely the original taste. While I freely admit that tastes differ, yet the most delicious dish of soup I ever ate consisted of just the diluted juices of the meat, without the admixture of a single vegetable, and slightly thickened with rice. Here was the true flavor of the beef, unadulterated by vegetables or herbs, which was not only delicious, but nourishing. Out of a large variety of ways in which to cook tomatoes, perhaps there is no better plan than to simply stew them in a saucepan, adding butter, sugar and salt to taste—this being the old original way of cooking them when they first came into use. The tomato was introduced from Massachusetts into the town where I was born and bred over fifty years ago. Although but a small school-girl, I distinctly remember the first one I ever saw; it passed under the name of "love apple," and was considered somewhat poisonous. While it bore the color of the varieties now in use, it had a smooth surface and was oblong in shape. It was grown at first as a curiosity, though in time people began to use tomatoes as a relish; but they were unpopular, as few liked their flavor. When, however, the surprising discovery was made that they possessed medicinal virtues, which acted favorably on many kinds of ailments, the feeling changed, and from that time their popularity has increased. While we have many improved varieties as to size and shape, the flavor remains the same, and conceal it as we will, it is a tomato still. In catering to the wants of our families, let us be guided by that which is healthful and economic, ever bearing in mind that economy leads to thrift.

French Girls and American Girls.

The young French girl finds liberty in marriage, the young American girl loses it. Our daughters detach themselves from a family in marrying; the Americans enter one; they are suddenly surrounded by a circle, by proprieties, by worldly customs, by special duties, by the exigencies of conjugal fidelity, by the duty of defending a reputation which has become common property—all serious things which transform their character, their manner of being, and gradually model them after the likenesses of their surroundings. Two or three years after her marriage the American in France is a woman of the world, and if she could lose her accent, nothing would distinguish her from her new circle. Doubtless formerly she commanded and was obeyed; but how far she was from occupying the position she occupies in France! True, she did not yield to respect; but in return she did not inspire it. She had more personal initiative, but she did not govern others; she tormented her mother, and perhaps her father, but the men of her family did not deferentially ask her counsels. Her husband in America would seek her advice for nothing. She might be a favored companion in conjugal life; she would not be, as in France, the wife, the friend who shares all the projects of the husband, is associated in all his acts, and makes of conjugal life the noble life in common. —Paris Cor. North American Review.

Danced at the Ball Before Waterloo.

The death is announced in London, England, of Lady Deros at an advanced age. She had long been in retirement. In her youth she was accounted one of the most accomplished belles of the period. She was among the throng that attended and danced at the famous and historical ball at Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo.

How Children Are Spoiled.

It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding; let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him; at ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe strings; let him strike aunts because she would not get him a sugar plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obedience and service and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which, with a knife, he will proceed to open. If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse; it is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horse-back ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous; for it is almost impossible to be good with too much bile, an enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride out to destruction; he will stop at the tavern for drinks; he will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop. —T. De Witt Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Empress of Japan.

At excessive heights above all Japanese women, the invisible empress, till within recent years, was enthroned like a goddess. But she, the sovereign, has descended little by little from her empyrean; she shows herself at present, she receives, she speaks, and she even lunches—with the tips of her lips, it is true. She has abandoned her magnificent *camails* strewn with strange blazons, her wide head-dress that looked like an idol's, and her enormous fans; she sends, alas! to Paris or London for her corsets, her dresses and her bonnets.

Five years have passed over the chrysanthemums since, on one of these very rare solemnities, where a few privileged ones are admitted to her presence, I had the honor of seeing her in her gardens. She was ideally charming, passing like a fairy among her parterres, flowered in profusion with the sad flowers of autumn; then coming to sit beneath her canopy of violet crepon (the imperial color) in the hieratic stiffness of her robes, tinted like the wings of a humming-bird. All the deliciously quaint pageantry with whom she then surrounded herself gave her the charm of an unreal creature. Upon her painted lips hovered a ceremonial smile, disdainful and vague. Beneath the powder her exquisite face preserved an impenetrable expression, and notwithstanding the grace of her greeting, one felt her offended by our presence, which according to the new customs she was forced to tolerate—she, the holy Empress, invisible of yore like a religious myth. —Pierre Loti, in Harper's Magazine.

A Few Hints About Oil Lamps.

The tank, or reservoir, for holding the oil should be of metal, rather than china or glass. Wicks should be dry, be just long enough to reach to the bottom of the reservoir, and be softly woven. They should be just wide enough to easily fill the wick-holder, without being pulled or squeezed in. It is necessary, too, that they be soaked with oil just before using the lamp. When the lamp is lit, the wick should be, at first, turned down and then slowly raised, as it burns. One great essential to avoid all odors from a lamp is to have it thoroughly clean and all charred wick and dust removed before lighting. In putting out a lamp, where it has no extinguishing appliances, the wick should be turned down and a sharp puff blown across the top of the chimney but not down on it. A little systematic care in the use of a lamp will bring, instead of discomfort, a warm, cheering atmosphere to the home. —N. Y. Ledger.

Husbands and Wives.

A wife who knows many wives says: "Some husbands, when they get home at night, tell their wives all about the business of the day, and about their bank account, and about the people they met, and about what was spoken of, and about everything else. Other husbands never tell their wives about their doings during the day, never speak of the state of their finances, and never refer to their business in their households. The wife of such a husband knows nothing of his affairs, and is apt to be upset by bad news or crushed by finding out that he is on the road to ruin. From what I have known through my acquaintance with many families for long years I am ready to say that a husband should always tell his wife about his business and about the affairs of the day." —Banner of Light.

Hints for Housekeepers.

A couple of figs eaten before breakfast make an excellent laxative, especially for children.

When suffering from overstrained and tired eyes, bathe them in hot water several times a day.

A pinch of soda beaten to a foam in either molasses or honey will cut the phlegm from baby's throat.

It is an accepted fact that the tone of the piano greatly improves when the instrument is removed from the wall of a room.

When silk has lost its gloss and becomes limp it may be restored by sponging with a solution of half an ounce of gum tragacanth in a pint of hot water.

THE CAMP FIRE.

REVIVING SOME INCIDENTS OF THE LATE REBELLION.

Military Matters and Items of Interest to the G. A. R. and the Sons of Veterans.

Hoping that out of the 5,000 men that participated in the raid around Atlanta, with Kilpatrick, there are some yet alive, I submit this brief account of the affair, trusting that it will be the means of bringing out other accounts. We left Cross Keys Aug. 17, at 11 o'clock p. m., and marched around to the right of Atlanta about three miles, when we came to a halt. We went into camp and remained all the next day (18th) until nearly sundown, when we were ordered to mount and form in line. When informed by the commanding officers of the object of the raid, they stated that if there were any that were not willing to give their lives in the attempt, they would have the privilege to rein back out of line three paces. There were a few that reined back, but they claimed their horses were not capable of the undertaking. When everything was ready we again started out. Soon after dark we were fired on by the rebel pickets. We returned the fire and dismounted one of them. On coming up to him we found him badly wounded. I saw, by the moonlight, in the road, a revolver that the Southern soldier had dropped. I dismounted and picked it up. I brought it home, where it is preserved as a war relic. We went on and tore up about twenty miles of the Montgomery & Great Western railroad; thence on to Jonesboro. After demolishing more railroad and burning the enemy's commissaries, we proceeded toward Lovejoy Station, which place we did not quite reach, the rebels having a trap set for us. They let the advance guard pass, then, as the advance column came up, poured in a volley of musketry from the dense woods; but did not do much harm, only stampeding the horses and riders for a little while. We soon became organized, only to find out that we were completely surrounded by Hood's forces. Hood sent a delegation to Kilpatrick, asking for an unconditional surrender. Kilpatrick's answer was: "I'll give you ten minutes' time to get outside of our lines!"

With a salute the delegation of Confederates started back as fast as their horses could run. In the meantime Kilpatrick gave the order:

"Draw sabre! Forward, trot! Gallop! charge!"

We charged through their artillery, captured all their guns, and spiked such as we did not take along. We lost about three hundred men in the charge. It soon began to rain so hard that everything was filling with water. We had a narrow river to cross, it being so deep our horses had to swim, and the water running so swiftly that it swept horse and rider down the stream. Some men and horses were drowned in the attempt to cross. We got back inside our lines on the 21st, badly used up for the want of sleep and dry clothes. —P. R. Egolph, 1st O. V. Cav., in National Tribune.

The Surrender of the Commune.

On May 22, 1871, it was generally known that the "Versaillais," as they were called, had entered the capital. Then opened the gloomiest page in the history of France. On one side were the vandals of the commune, doing their best to burn Paris to the ground, murdering innocent hostages, unchaining all the horrors of civil war; exhibiting all the heroisms, every act of ferocity and cowardice, into which human nature when unrestrained will rush. On the other side were the troops, irritated by the struggle, humiliated by the duty that had fallen upon them, exasperated by so many horrors. Torrents of fratricidal blood deluged the pavement of the great French city. While the struggle was going on, there could be seen arriving at Versailles, escorted by the soldiers, gangs of prisoners, the savage rabble who had plundered and spread conflagration, and who, in blind obedience to their leaders, had committed unparalleled acts of barbarism. They arrived on the great Place d'Armes, under a bright and broiling sun. The perspiration ran from their faces, blackened with gunpowder and dust. Their clothes were in tatters, smelling of smoke and petroleum. There were women, with features distorted by hatred and anger; precocious children, casting a stealthy look around them; and old men, crushed by defeat, with patches of clotted blood on their white hair and beards, marking them out as apostles of revolution. Some, who had been jolted amidst the lumber heaped on the carts, were taken out and put flat on the ground. They lay, stiff and motionless, with their eyes wide open and staring, as if after a long fit of madness, they had lost all consciousness of an outer world. The captives were separated into groups, and sent to improvised prisons, where an attempt was made to shelter this army of disorder. They had added shame to defeat, who had with fire and sword ravaged Paris. . . . It will be for the historian to tell with calm serenity what occurred on those momentous days of grief and discouragement. It has been a great source of regret to me that circumstances retained me at Versailles, and that I could not from day to day watch close at hand the execrable misdeeds, the infamous enterprises of these ignorant reformers, who, for the enjoyment of a temporary triumph, gave the reins to human passions without examining the problems they raised, and without even making an attempt to solve them. —De Blowitz, in Harper's Magazine.

A Romance of Sedan.

The once famous Countess de Mercy Argenteau, whose death was recently announced, was born at Caraman-Chimay, and Belgium has rarely produced either so beautiful or so talented a woman as Elizabeth, Countess of Caraman-Chimay. The imperial family of France in prosperity or adversity possessed no truer or more faithful friend, and up to the last she was wont to wear a necklace of three rows of the purest pearls given her by the Emperor.

When Napoleon surrendered at Sedan he requested Count de Mercy Argenteau to burn the whole of his carriages. The only relic of this melancholy commission preserved at the Chateau of Argenteau on the Meuse is a panel bearing the imperial monogram. While detained at Wilhelmshohe the captive monarch begged the cleverest woman of his court to come to him and it was to her sympathetic ear that he poured out a scheme for signing an advantageous peace with Prussia after his army had been restored to him.

Napoleon concluded by earnestly begging the Countess to convey a letter from him to the Prussian Crown Prince.

Protected by a safe-conduct from Bismarck, and leaving her lady's maid behind her at Strasburg, she set out without a moment's delay on her solitary and perilous journey northward. She was compelled to pass one night in an ambulance wagon, where she was carefully looked after by a German nurse, who ultimately proved to be like a Princess in disguise. Having reached Versailles she introduced herself to the Crown Prince by reminding him of the very different circumstances under which they had once opened a ball at Wiesbaden.

The future Emperor listened courteously to her impassioned pleading, but replied that the best interests of Germany forbade the granting of the request and compliance with Napoleon's proposal, even if he had been able to oblige her personally. She left his quarters almost brokenhearted. —Banner of Light.

The Captain's Mistake.

Sergeant-Major Martin tells a story of an Irish captain of his, Captain Patrick O'Flaherty, that would have told well of Horace Greeley. The captain had risen from the ranks during the civil war; he was a devout Catholic, a military man, and a rigid temperance man; but he was weak in his spelling. Some drunkenness occurring in the regiment, the captain ordered the grog stopped. Of course, this created discontent among the men, and finally one of them appealed for permission to buy liquor on the ground of illness.

"Is it sick ye are?" said the captain, suspiciously. "Sure, whisky'll only make ye wor-r-se."

"No, captain, the applicant replied, with all possible deference. "When I'm affected this way a little whisky relieves me at once."

"A little, is it?" said the captain. "Well, ye shall have a little," and he accordingly wrote this order:

"Give Private Jones of Company A one gill of whisky."

The sutler looked at the order and then at the soldier. "What have you got to hold your gizzard?" said he. Private Jones was quick-witted. "That's so," she he, scratching his head reflectively. "Can't you lend me a demijohn?" "Not a john, my boy, said the sutler. "Hold on, then, until I borrow some canteens." Back he came in a few minutes and got his gallon good measure in his own and his comrades' canteens. That evening the tents of Company A were the scene of a wild hilarity, and the next morning Captain O'Flaherty was in a great rage about additional cases of drunkenness. Furiously he rushed to the sutler. "Who authorized you to furnish that liquor?" he demanded. "I obeyed your order," said the sutler, calmly, exhibiting the document. "My order?" repeated the captain. "That was for a gill—g-l-l." "What's a gill?" said the sutler, with supreme contempt. "I never heard of a gill of whisky." The captain overlooked the drunkenness and never wrote any more prescriptions. —Ex.

In Early Kansas Days.

All along the outer margin of the reservation were grouped the camps of emigrants; not many of them, but enough to present a curious and picturesque sight. There were a few tents, but most of the emigrants slept in or under their wagons. There were no women or children in these camps, and the hardy men had been so well seasoned by their past experiences, journeying to this far western part of the territory, that they did not mind the exposure of sleeping on the ground and under the open skies. Soldiers from the fort, off duty and curious to hear the news from the outer world, came lounging around the camps, and chatted with the emigrants in that cool, superior manner that marks the private soldier when he meets a civilian on an equal footing, away from the haunts of men.

The boys regarded these uniformed military servants of the Government of the United States with great respect, and even with some awe. These, they thought to themselves, were the men who were to fight Indians, to protect the border, and to keep back the rising tide of hostilities that might, if it were not for them, sweep down upon the feeble Territory and even inundate the whole western country. —Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

From the German.

Mother—Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you.

Daughter—But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them.

THE STORY OF A PICNIC.

One morning not very long ago Frank Mahew woke with a headache. This he ascribed to the heat of Lady Braginton's ballroom the night before and the lobster mayonnaise which he had eaten at supper. His familiar friend, Jack Welman, who shares his diggings, remarked that the lobster was extra sec, cuvee reserve, of a very good brand, and would not have hurt a baby unless consumed in excess. "Talking of which," he added, "shall you run to fizz at your picnic?"

"Picnic!" said Mr. Mahew in a careless tone; "what picnic? I remember something about a bean-feast to which some one I know has asked me to go next Saturday. I fancy I accepted; but my headache made me forget. Where is it?"

Jack Welman, who always presides at breakfast, poured him out a third cup of tea, and shook his head.

"My dear fellow, were you as bad as that? Really don't you know that you are giving a picnic, and have twenty people, at least—seven girls to my knowledge—coming to Maidenhead on Saturday next, and have got to provide boats and lunch?"

"Jack!" said Mr. Mahew (in a confidential, if rather nervous tone). "I believe you are right; it's coming back to me now!" and he laughed uncomfortably. "I'm not quite sure it will suit me. All the same—"

"Can't you get out of it?"

"I really must if I can; I am deuced short. It will be a matter of ten pounds, at least—ready money, too, for most of it."

"Cheap at that."

"What am I to do? Tell me a good excuse. You've not got a headache." "Write and say you can't find a chaperon. You have only asked girls and a lot of young fellows; you must have some one to give an air of respectability, though you did issue your invitations in rather an informal way. How many boatfuls will there be? You might say you must have a dowager in each."

Mr. Welman went to the writing-table and wrote a little pile of notes, drank a lemon squash, and departed to Lincoln's inn for the day, where doubtless he rendered valuable assistance to the conveyancer with whom he was reading. Postal delivery in London is sometimes fairly rapid, and next morning Mr. Welman pointed with an air of friendly concern to a little pile of envelopes, directed in ladies' handwriting, which lay beside his friend's plate.

"Tender regrets," said Frank Mahew, airily.

"Offers of chaperonage, you bet," replied Welman, and Frank Mahew read the first one aloud, with a lengthening face, which would not have flattered the writer:

"DEAR MR. MAHEW: It will be all right about the picnic, as I can easily find a chaperon. Hoping it will be fine, yours very sincerely, BLANCHÉ SMYTHE."

"It may not be fine," he muttered. "What do they say from America? Wait a bit, though."

"MY DEAR MR. MAHEW: We are much looking forward to your picnic on Saturday, and shall come, whatever the weather; though we had better all have mackintoshes. My cousin, Mrs. Thomson, will do propriety. So that is all right. Are there many coming? I thought you only wanted me. Yours very sincerely, ROSE DE JONES."

"Confound Mrs. Thomson! Here's another of them."

"MY DEAR MR. MAHEW: (Wonder why she underlined the dear. What can I have said?) You have forgotten you asked mamma to chaperon us at your picnic, and she has ordered a new 'shady hat on purpose. Yours in haste, MAY ROBINSON."

"Old Lady Robinson in a new shady hat; my prophetic soul! Look here, Jack, don't grin—it's no joke. I've overdrawn already, and the quarter's only half through."

"There's another," said Welman, grimly, "in a pink envelope."

"One of the Currey girls," said Mahew, with his teeth set. "I fancy I asked both."

"DEAR FRANK (Frank forsooth): Don't forget you promised Ethel you would have plenty of boats, and let Capt. Maudsley scull her. I think I'll come in a punt, with you, as you want me to do so much. Get one of your young married friends to chaperon the party, and give her some one to entertain her in a separate boat. Yours in frantic haste, DORA CURREY."

"Nice style of girls that, said Mr. Welman. "You seem to have made the running all round. Lady Robinson will be particularly glad to chaperon the Curreys! I heard her saying to Mrs. De Jones she wondered how Lady Braginton could invite such girls to her ball."

"My dear Jack," said Mr. Mahew, with a still longer face. "I don't at all want to offend Lady Robinson, and I don't want to go in a punt with Miss Currey. What am I to do?"

"Can't say. Drown yourself, or have some lobster before starting—to keep up your spirits. Any more letters?"

"Only one, from the governor."

"Is the old man friendly?"

"Severe rather—paternal reminder of the shortness of life as instanced by the death of an elderly relative at the age of 97. But Lady Robinson—"

"But your dead relative, who was he?"

"Gen. George Mahew; retired, cracked, distant cousin; lots of money, out with his family. Shall I write to the Curreys and say I won't take them?"

"When is the funeral?"

"Saturday next, Dash it all, old man! don't call it that; we'll make it lively somehow."

"The funeral, my gentle ass! I mean the funeral—your deceased cousin's?"

"I'm not going to it. I never saw the old fool; besides it is on Saturday." "The very thing, my dear fellow. If you really want to cut this picnic write your regrets all round. 'Sudden mourning' and duty to your family." His name is in the Times obituary. He must have been rather a swell in his way once, and your name as a mourner at his funeral will be in the papers to show it was a genuine business."

"It's away down in Devonshire." "All the better. If it's anywhere near my people run over and have half a day's fishing."

"Are your people all at home?"

"If you mean Maggie by all my people, she's there; and if you don't take care she'll hear of your picnic and the Currey girl. She knows Blanche Smythe."

Later on that day Mr. Mahew duly regretted that the sudden death of his relative, Gen. Mahew, and the necessity, etc., caused the postponement of his proposed picnic. He had it lithographed on black edged cards, and the printer sent in one hundred and fifty—he uses them for book markers still.

It was a very fine morning when Mr. Mahew started from Paddington by a very early train, and the river at Maidenhead looked so lovely he almost regretted his picnic. He recognized no relations at Paddington, nor was there any Exeter; but a carriage was there to meet him, as he had written to say he was coming; and as no one else turned up he found himself figuring as chief mourner. His cousin's elderly solicitor came to him in the garden as he was smoking a cigar after the funeral.

"I have found an envelope," he said, "labeled 'Will,' and I think as you are going away I had better open it in your presence."

"I suppose you had," said Frank Mahew, carelessly. "It's a pity no other relations are present. Where are they all?"

"Well, you see," said the solicitor, "they never came near the general of late years, except when an uncle of yours came down to make an investigation whether the general had married his housekeeper, a Mrs. Jenkins by name. She died a few years ago, and latterly they seem to have made some advance toward him. He would have nothing to say to them, but had some circulars printed of a more or less abusive character, insinuating that they had designs on his fortune, and sent them to every one whom he could discover who was in any way related to him. I wonder you did not get one."

"Not worth it, I guess—if he ever heard of me," said Frank Mahew. "Open that envelop, though; I want to get away."

The solicitor opened it and read the contents of half a sheet of note paper. "I must congratulate you, Mr. Mahew," he exclaimed. "I must congratulate you; this is, indeed, the fitting reward of your affectionate reverence for the deceased testator."

"What's that?" said Frank. He had been blowing cigar smoke at a bumble bee and had not quite heard. "Is that the will? Short and sweet, like a donkey's gallop, is it not? I must show them how to do that at Lincoln's inn. Who drew it?"

"I did not, certainly," said the solicitor with a rueful eye.

"So I should imagine," said Frank to himself, holding it at arm's length. "It's in his own writing by the signature witnessed by the cook and the gardener."

"But read it, my dear sir!" said the solicitor. "Read it!"

"It is so very badly written I don't think I can."

"My dear sir, allow me," and the old gentleman took the paper.

"The last will of Mr. George Mahew. I leave everything I have to leave to be divided between those of my relations who have the decency to attend my funeral. Signed, etc."

"That means about 60,000 pounds for you, Mr. Mathew, besides this house. If you will allow me I will see to the 'prop.' Wellman always said that his friend had no sense of decency, and he would have thought his opinion confirmed if he had seen him then seize the gray-haired old solicitor round the waist and waltz him across the lawn tennis court with a whoop like a red Indian's. The undertaker was just starting to drive back to the Exeter with the hearse and equipments; he had seen grief manifest itself in many forms, and was quite touched—it took him back to his Irish home and his father's wake.

The solicitor looked rather ruffled; but being a prudent man he consoled himself with the prospect of managing the estate, though he did not for the moment see how he could include dancing with the residuary devise in his bill of costs. No doubt Frank paid for it eventually.

"Good old Jack!" he said as he told the history of the funeral to Welman on Monday evening over an excellent dinner. "Never forget to be dutiful to the aged and show respect to the dead even at the expense of a day's pleasure with the young and lovely."

"I think," said Mr. Welman, "you had better let me finish that magnum."

—St. James Gazette.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

Complaints have been received at
his office that papers are not deliv-
ered regularly. We wish to inform
our subscribers that the subscription
list is mailed regularly each week. If
those who do not receive their paper
will please inform us, the missing
numbers will be forwarded.

All the telegraph offices of the
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul
Railroad were closed Friday. A ques-
tion of wages is the cause.

The municipal authorities have or-
dered that the Exposition buildings
and batteries be cleared off the Lake
Front to make room for the more sub-
stantial and permanent World's Fair
improvements. We may expect to
see a move on the Lake Front in the
near future.

The British Government's new
move in the Bering Sea troubles, is a
direct insult to the Government of
the United States. The Canadians
by this means seek to avoid our treaty
rights and an investigation of the
question, as proposed by Secretary
Blaine. But whether the Supreme
Court gives a decision or not, it will
not settle the Bering Sea matter. It
is an international and political ques-
tion, and the Supreme Court has no
jurisdiction over it.

ALMIRA AND PACIFIC JUNCTION.

All communications of local interest, this locality
should be sent to **Edw. J. LANEY, Pacific
Junction, Box 25, Mr. Lane's** is authorized to
take subscriptions for THE SUBURBAN TIMES.
No attention will be given to communications
unless the full name of the writer accompanies
the article, or subscriptions received unless ac-
companied by the price \$2.50.

PACIFIC CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—J. L. Richard-
son, Pastor, Sunday evening service, at 7:30 p.
m. Sunday school, at 10:30 a. m. Young People's
Meeting of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening at
7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, every Wednesday at 8
p. m.

Good skating at the park.

Masquerades will be all the go from now
on.

The week of prayer was observed by the
people of the Pacific Congregational
church.

The House Dramatic Club are busy re-
hearsing another drama to be given in
the near future.

The Almira Drum Corps will give their
first reception Saturday evening, Jan. 17th,
at Almira Turner Hall.

All items for this column must be sent to
Edw. J. LANEY, P. O. Box 25, Pacific,
until 7 p. m. of Tuesday.

Song Service will be held at Pacific
Congregational Church Sunday evening,
Jan. 25th; all are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mathews of McLane
avenue, entertained the Progressive Euchre
Club, at their home Monday evening.

Mr. H. Dombis, a resident of this
place, was found dead last Monday morn-
ing supposed to have died of heart disease.

The funeral services of the late Hurd
Tombin took place at his late residence,
Kimball avenue, on Wednesday afternoon,
Jan. 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morgan of Sheri-
dan St. will celebrate their twentieth an-
niversary of their marriage Tuesday eve-
ning, Jan. 29th, at 8 o'clock.

Wm. Schall's new hall opposite Almira
depot was crowded with visiting brothers
at the installation ceremonies of Court
Black Forest, No. 142, I. O. F.

The hall known so long to our people as
"Columbia," where in times gone by nearly
all gatherings met, was on the first of this
month transformed into a school.

There will be a song service in the Pa-
cific church on Sunday evening, Jan. 25th.
The chorist choir will be assisted by W.
E. Chittenden, the well known cornetist.

The Clio-sophic society will hold its next
regular meeting at the residence of Miss
Emma Bodman on Dickinson avenue. All
members are requested to be present as
business of importance will be trans-
acted.

A flourishing mission Sunday School has
been started by the Pacific Congregational
Sunday School in the depot building at
Pennock. Its hour of meeting is 2 o'clock
and Mr. Geo. Heywood has been chosen
superintendent.

The Progressive Euchre Club met at the
residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews last
Monday evening. A very enjoyable even-
ing was spent. Mr. Geo. Evans and Mrs.
Arthur Williams winning first prizes. Mr.
J. Sigwalt and Miss Lederman winning
consolation prizes.

The Excelsior Pleasure Club held a very
enjoyable meeting last Monday evening
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Estover.
The society made arrangements to give a
reception January 30th. The next meet-
ing of the society will be held at the re-
sidence of Mrs. Taylor, Jan. 27th.

The Pacific Congregational Church was
packed to overflowing at the Christmas
entertainment. Many went home not being
able to find standing room within the
church. The program was well carried
out. Frank Sargent, who took the part
of Jack the Boot Black, doing especially
well. The candy that Santa Claus gave,
sent all the children home with happy
hearts.

The newly elected officers of Court Black
Forest, No. 142 were duly installed by D.
D. P. O. Freese of Court Maplewood, Fri-
day evening in their new hall, (School's)
opposite Almira depot. On entering upon
his duties as Chief, Ranger, Joseph E.
Byrne advocated bright and attractive fea-
ture at our entertainments and hoped that
our order during the next six months
would prosper.

Death has, the last few days been a com-
mon occurrence in the neighborhood of
Pacific Junction. Mr. Ostler, of Tink-
ham Ave., has lost his baby. Mr. Edge's
family, on Ridgeway avenue, lost the oldest
daughter on New Year's day, and one
day later Mr. Edge himself passed away.
Diphtheria carried away both daughter and
father, and the second daughter lies at the
point of death, from the same dread dis-
ease. Mrs. Edge and her baby deserve the
deepest sympathy of every one.

The installation ceremony of Court Al-
mira, No. 125, I. O. F., was held Satur-
day evening, Jan. 31, in their hall corner
Waubesa and Ballou streets. The in-
stallation was conducted by P. C. R.
Cramer of Court Robt. A. Mack. Chief
Ranger Rouger made a speech full of
encouragement to the brothers of the or-
der for their untiring efforts in building
up the order. Many visiting brothers
were present. A fine treat was tendered to
all Foresters in the shape of an excellent
supper.

Mr. J. E. Lyons, of McLane ave. who
has traveled considerably, delivered a lec-
ture entitled "Fifty Years of Places or
Places and Things I have Seen," before an
audience of well known people of Almira
and visiting friends, last Saturday eve-
ning at his home. Mr. Lyons' effort not
only evidences great care in its prepara-
tion, but the material which he has inter-
woven into his life narrative, is historically
instructive and interesting, depicting
many years of travel in England and
China, as printer and British soldier. It
is hoped that Mr. Lyons may have an early
opportunity of giving his lecture to the
public.

AVONDALE.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev.
C. Virdee, Pastor, Sunday School 10 a. m. Preach-
ing service 11 a. m. Class meeting 5:30 p. m.
Praying 6:30 p. m. Epworth League, Wednes-
day, 8 p. m.

AVONDALE METHODIST HOUSE.—Sunday Services 10
a. m., 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Wednesday Services,
7:45 p. m. Bible Reading, 7:45 p. m. Friday, Sun-
day School at 9:30 a. m.

ST. XAVIER CHURCH.—Father Thiele, Pastor
Sunday service at 9:30 a. m.

LADIES AID SOCIETY, M. E. CHURCH.—Meets
alternate Fridays at the church class-room.
Mrs. A. A. BOWMAN, President.

**MISSION OF THE WEST FULLERTON AVE., GER-
MAN M. E. CHURCH.**—Rev. H. Schuchel, Pastor.
Sunday services: Sunday school, 2 p. m.; preach-
ing 3 to 4 p. m.

AVONDALE LUTHERAN.—Regular meetings held on
the first and third Saturdays of each month.
CHAS. TALLMAN, Pres.
J. J. DOWNS, Sec'y.

AVONDALE LUTHERAN LIBRARY.—Meets Dec. 27
and every two weeks thereafter, at M. E. Church.
ROBERT L. CAMPBELL, Pres.
FRED BELL, Sec'y.

AVONDALE HALL ASSOCIATION.—Meeting of
Board of Directors last Saturday in each month
at residence of President.

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**A. F. AND A. M. INSTALLATION AT BAR-
RINGTON.**

On last Saturday evening, Jan. 10th,
1891, occurred the public installation of
the officers of Lonsbury Lodge, No. 751.
A. F. and A. M.

Lansley's Hall was filled with invited
guests and relatives of the fraternity when
Acting Grand Master E. R. Clark sounded
the gavel and called the craft to order.

Seated in the East were Acting Grand
Master E. R. Clark, Masters W. A. Loomis
and C. H. Austin, of Lonsbury Lodge;
Frank Richardson, of Chicago; Charles
Heimerding, of Vulcan, Michigan; and
C. S. Cutting, Master of Palatine
Lodge.

The round of the gavel brought the
members of the Lodge to their feet, and
Chaplain Joseph Whitney opened the cere-
mony with prayer. Grand Master Clark
after making the usual inquiries and pro-
clamation directed the Acting Grand Mas-
ter, E. J. Bark, to present the officers-elect
for installation. The ceremony was
dignified and impressive, and reflected
much credit upon the officers conducting it.

The following officers for the year 1891:
C. H. Austin, Worshipful Master; D.
A. Smith, Senior Warden; L. A. Powers,
Junior Warden; F. O. Willmard, Secre-
tary; H. T. Abbott, Treasurer; W. J. Har-
rower, Senior Deacon; W. M. Leitch, Ju-
nior Deacon; A. Ulteich, W. Young, Stew-
ards; Stuart Miller, Tyler.

At the conclusion of the installation ex-
ercises a short literary and musical enter-
tainment was given. Mr. C. S. Cutting
was the orator of the evening, and none
who heard his brief address but left the
hall with increased respect for an organi-
zation that numbers among its members
citizens of his ability.

The Barrington Quartette, consisting of
Dr. C. H. Kendall, Frank Hawley, Phil.
Hawley and C. H. Austin gave two vocal
numbers which were well received. Mr.
J. C. Christ favored the audience with a
vocal solo. Dr. D. A. Smith read a short
selection. The body of the hall was cleared
and G. H. Comstock became master of cer-
emonies. Dancing became the order in
the main hall while in the dining rooms
adjoining, tired nature found an ample
repast prepared by Mrs. T. J. Crowley.
The tables were tastefully decorated with
a profusion of cut flowers and supplied
with a variety and quantity of eatables
that permitted none to depart unsatisfied.

The dining rooms are unfortunately
small, and as but a limited number could
be seated at once, it is a matter of deep re-
gret that a few guests found it incon-
venient to remain long enough to obtain re-
freshments.

At midnight the masons and their sev-
eral ways, and the desired hall had only
the echoes of the past to cheer it.

It is a matter of simple justice to give
credit where credit is due; mention is
therefore made of Messrs. F. R. Clark,
C. H. Lines, C. H. Austin, W. J. Har-
rower, L. A. Bowers and Dr. D. A. Smith,
who made arrangements for the entertain-
ment and supper. Mrs. Crowley left
nothing undone and may rest secure in
honors well earned. Mr. Asa Chy-
non, of Lonsbury, furnished the flowers
and will herein receive the thanks of the
Lodge.

For Sale Cheap—At Chicago Lawn, an
eight room house, 50 foot lot. House finely
arranged; marble mantel; owner will fur-
nish abstract and give warranty deed to
purchaser. Must be sold before the first
of March. Part cash, balance monthly
payments. Address this office, 543 Armi-
tage avenue, corner Milwaukee.

Park Ridge Ordinance.

SIDEWALK ORDINANCE

An Ordinance providing for the con-
struction of a sidewalk on Vine ave-
nue in the Village of Park Ridge.

Be it ordained by the President and Board of
Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

SECTION 1. That a sidewalk be constructed as
follows, to wit: Fronting lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,
10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24,
25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39,
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683, 684, 685,

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Prominent Citizens Make a Few Remarks and Conclude by Informing the Volatile William that the Jig is not up.

"Unmasked!" said the Prominent Citizen, with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, yes, I should say so! Volatile William has struck it exactly, and no mistake. Really, it is amusing to read what the 27th Ward Democratic editor is pleased to call articles. When you showed me the paper mentioned I was somewhat alarmed, for, from the head lines, or whatever you call them, I thought a murder had been committed or something of the kind, but after glancing over the few words which follow the head I made up my mind there was no cause for alarm and no harm had been done unless he was committing political suicide himself—that is if he could in any way be consistently called a politician.

"He comes about as near being right in his surmises at to whom Prominent Citizen is as I should imagine he would, for, between you and me he is of very, very light calibre.

"I am a hireling and no mistake, and there is no question but what when the 'barbed arrows' begin flying about the political bosses, as he calls them, will commence quivering and quaking, and possibly some of them may even resign. I did give him credit for a little more sense than it appears he has, but then you can't tell how big a fool a small pigmy can be. If he attempted to reply to anything, or could do it, there would be some satisfaction in writing something, but he really appears to know as little about politics as a child.

"He may think I am after him personally, but no one could be further from the facts. The Volatile William personally amounts to very little, but he imagines he is the boss of the 27th Ward, Bob Alting to the contrary, notwithstanding—and that his paper, which has a 'head,' and a small one at that, is the voice or mouthpiece of what he is pleased to call the Democratic Party.

"The 'scheme' he speaks of, is, as you know, simply nonsense. No political boss, or anyone else has had anything to do with what few words I may have said to you from time to time, and as far as the hirings go it is simply nonsense to speak about it. You know me and that I am not in the 'hiring' list and never was. My own business will probably keep me without any assistance from politics, one way or the other.

"I haven't much time to talk with you this week, as I am going to Bloomington to see some friends of mine who are sick, but next week I will probably feel more like talking and have more time. The jig is not up yet, as I think Mr. Florence will find out.

HERMOSA

The following was received, to late for publication last week:

Revel meetings are being held in Keeney's hall this week by the Rev. D. D. Foxworth, minister of the M. E. church.

Mrs. Collins, the wife of the pastor of the Congregational church, arrived at her new home last Friday from Massachusetts.

The Methodists held a watch night party and saw the New Year in and congratulated each other on the birth of the new year.

Hermosa needs more houses; some people are compelled to live in Cragin because they cannot rent a house nearer their work.

The Belding Motor and Mfg. Co. will have completed all arrangements and formally open their large factory by the 15th of this month.

The new meat market is ready to begin business. The proprietor was formerly with the Belding Motor Co. and expects to get the trade of the employees of that company.

About twenty-five young people attended a surprise party given to Bert Keeney last Saturday evening. Bert is a student at the Southern Normal School at Carbondale, Ill., and has been spending his vacation with his parents. A most enjoyable time was had and the party broke up at a very reasonable hour.

The Hermosa Y. P. S. C. E. elected the following officers for the new year: Ethan Thompson, President; Jennie Bradshaw, Vice President; Chas. W. Coleman, Sec. Secretary; Eva Bradley, Treasurer; Chas. E. Starbird, Historian. Meetings are held at 6:30 p. m. Sunday evenings and all are invited.

PENNOCK

The following was received, to late for publication last week.

Mr. Anelson, a leading attorney of Washington, D. C., has located at this place.

Let the sewer be extended to Crawford avenue on Diversey st. and not halt at Kimball avenue.

Give us street improvements and rapid transit, and the South side Real Estate brokers can take a rest.

If Alderman Conway will see to the proper lighting of the streets of this suburb he will place the people under renewed obligations.

Mr. Harper is to be congratulated on the recent arrival of his wife. They are to live on Crawford Ave. near Pennock Boulevard.

The street commissioners should cause the street crossings to be put in at Springfield and Fullerton avenues, also at Parker and Crawford avenues.

The Post is asking its readers to vote for mayor through its columns. It is to be hoped that there may be a change this spring. Let the 57th Ward vote for some one who knows that Jefferson is now a part of the city and in need of city improvements. We want a mayor that will guard the interests of the city, and one who will not allow personal matters to so effect his official acts as for the Northwest from securing rapid transit the one thing needed to place us to the fore front, in matters of growth and permanent improvement.

As announced last week, a Mission Sabbath School was organized at this place Sunday afternoon, Jan. 4th. The school was organized by the election of H. E. Stover as chairman of the meeting. The following officers were then elected: Gen. Honwood, Sup't; H. E. Stover, Asst. Sup't; Miss Stella Thompson, Sec'y and Treas. and Mary Scott, Asst. Sec'y and Treas. The following were appointed a committee on by-laws, Rev. H. Richardson, Miss Honwood and Miss Bryden. There were twenty-five present. There classes were formed and a collection of ninety cents was taken for the purchase of lesson leaves and papers. The outlook for the school is good and it is desired that all the children will avail themselves of this opportunity for the study of the word of God.

MONTROSE AND MAYFAIR.

Mrs. King has been very ill, but at last reports was improving slowly.

Complaints are numerous. Why not get a new assistant postmaster?

Mr. Charles Clark and family who moved lately into the Munn house, are contemplating moving to Ravenswood.

The new church is nearing completion. We understand that one room is to be finished in the basement as soon as possible so that services may be held there instead of at private houses.

Mr. Asa S. Spencer of Peabody, Kansas, is a guest of Mr. F. R. Brazie. He is on his way to visit his mother in Cherry Valley, New York, and he will make Mr. Brazie a more extended visit when he returns.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS.

Monday night at the Chicago Opera House saw the opening of the second week of that most unique of operas, the latest New York Casino success, "Pook Jonathan." The opera itself scored, as predicted last week, an instantaneous hit, and with its lovely costumes, beautiful scenery, excellent comedians and bright music, it is destined to be placed in the same category with the other comic mammoth opera successes that have emanated from the New York Casino. In all probability, the success of the piece being so great, it will remain on the boards during the entire run of this opera organization in Chicago. The Chicago papers are unanimous in pronouncing it the most unique, novel and modern comic opera ever produced. Through the entire scene the characters are in dress suits, and in the last act the entire company is seen in a cadet drill at West Point that is in itself one of the most taking features of the performance. The music, by Millocker, the author of the "Boys' Student," is replete with catchy melodies and waltz movements, and is one of the best things that this gifted composer has ever written. The Monte Carlo gambling room scene at Monaco is one of the most interesting in stage setting that has ever been seen in comic opera. Whilst the play is progressing the ladies and gentlemen are seen at the distant gambling tables.

During the run of the Casino Company at the Chicago Opera House there will be no Sunday performance and no Wednesday matinee, the only matinee being Saturday.

The famous Ferguson & Mack Company is announced for Havlin's next week, beginning with the usual Sunday matinee, January 18th, when they will present the laughing sensation "McCarthy's Mishaps," which has been seen here many times, this being their second engagement the present season at this popular resort, and should be a sufficient guarantee of its merits. The farce has very little plot, if any, it being the authors intention to write a play for laughing purposes only, and to leave a broad field for the introduction of specialties. From the rise of the curtain to the finish the fun is fast and furious, lined in two Irishmen, McCarthy and Mulligan, who are always getting into situations which cause disturbance of the authorities. Mr. Barney Ferguson, who is one of our most clever comedians, has a character in Dennis McCarthy suited to his inimitable talents, and his make-up is such that you are compelled to laugh before a word is spoken by him, and when he does speak his peculiar dialect, the laughter becomes hilarious. Mr. Charles Gorman, who is always the typical Irishman, natural and humorous is Mr. Mulligan.

Incidental to the play a number of specialties are introduced, consisting of the laughable act by Ferguson and Mack Ginnis, as the "Assault and Battery," and the "Baroque Circus." Miss Lizzie Daly, who is undoubtedly America's greatest dancer, and the child Little Vinnie, will introduce their very wonderful dancing. Miss Carrie Behr, May Montford, and the Garden City Quartette render selections from grand and comic opera, medleys, etc., and many others equally amusing. The funny farce comedy of "McCarthy's Mishaps," and the great comedy company interpreting it needs no introduction. You have seen it and you like it. Come and see them again!

Remember the engagement is for one week only.

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Norwood Park Ordinances.

Special Assessment Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the Board of Trustees of the Village of Norwood Park, having ordered that water supply pipes be laid in front of or adjoining certain lots or parcels of land in said Village, in accordance with the ordinance passed October 10th, A. D. 1890, recited in the petition of the Village Clerk, have applied to the County Court of Cook County for an assessment of the cost of said improvement according to benefits, and an assessment thereof having been made and returned to said Court, the final hearing thereon will be had at the January term of said Court, commencing on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1891.

All persons desiring may then and there appear and make their defense.

HENRY EDWARDS, W. A. HARMON, D. J. MCMAHON, Commissioners.

Norwood Park, December 22, A. D. 1890.

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A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

With six oars and the latest sail for the wind now served, we went swiftly through the water; but instead of making for the nearest part of the coast, as I expected he would, Fane (who took the helm) steered the boat up the middle of the bay, and in the direction of a headland some four or five miles north of the "Diana." The coast was thickly wooded, and the character of the vegetation—the palms, magnolias, and vines, the height and verdure of the trees, and the brilliancy of the flowers—showed that the Fair Island possessed a mild and equable climate; that it was far enough from the pole to escape severe winters, yet near enough to the tropics to enjoy long summers and plenty of sunshine.

I fancied we were about thirty to forty degrees south of the equator; but this was pure conjecture, and neither Field, nor Fane seemed disposed to give me much information on the subject.

"What was the 'Diana's' position when you took your last observation?" asked Field, in reply to a question I put as to our whereabouts.

"That is weeks—months since," I said. "The last observation was taken by poor Bucklow. Neither Holsover nor I understand navigation."

"So much the better—I mean, it is probably no great loss in the circumstances. You will perhaps learn more of the geography of the Fair Island later on. We shall see. However, I may tell you this much—you are south of the equator."

"Thank you," I said, laughing. "I guessed as much."

But I failed to guess why he was so reticent on the point. What objection he could have to tell me where we were, I was unable to conceive. He was equally reserved about everything that concerned the history of the island and its inhabitants. To my questions on the subject he returned evasive answers, and at last shut me up by saying that if I stayed long enough I should doubtless get to know all about them, and that it was a very long story, which at present it was quite impossible for him to tell.

About the island and its productions he was, however, more communicative. It contained some four hundred thousand acres—that is to say, it was about four times the size of the Isle of Wight. The population might be twenty or thirty thousand, though, as it was a long time since there had been a count, he could not be quite sure. The soil was very fertile, as I could see; and thanks to the mountain (mountain *par excellence*, there being no other), which enabled the inhabitants to vary their climate at pleasure; they had a great variety both of cereals and of fruit. The valleys and plains near the sea produced maize, yams, cotton, sugar cane, oranges, grape-vines, peaches, and pomegranates; higher up grew wheat, potatoes, apples, and cherries.

Mr. Field further informed me that, with the exception of a narrow gap on the western side, the Painted Rocks extended all round the island, and that the mist through which we had sailed was a permanent institution.

"We think it is caused by a meeting of currents—one hot and the other cold," he said. "Anyhow, it is always there, and the mist and the rocks safeguard our island home far more effectively than a line of forts."

"Yes," I said; "you may bombard a fort, but you would have to shoot a long time at that fog before you made any impression on it, and these rocks would defy all the ironclads in Europe. By the by, what does that inscription, something about the 'Santa Anna' and 1744, mean?"

"Ah, you say that, did you? It is merely the name of a vessel that was wrecked there. Some day we will have a cruise among the Painted Rocks, and you will find other records of the same sort. Several vessels have left their bones thereabouts. As I told you, the 'Diana' is the only ship that ever got safely through, for which you may thank your stars; and though, as I was saying, there is a gap on that side, pointing westward, a wide stretch of sand-banks, shoals, and hidden coral reef render navigation, except for very light craft, piloted by those who know the coast, almost impossible."

"So, one way and another, you are pretty secure from intrusion?"

"So much so, that you and Mr. Holsover will be the first strangers our people of this generation have seen."

By this time we had rounded the headland. It divided the large bay from the smaller one, which seemed to run a long way inland, and terminate in a river or creek. Its sides were lofty and picturesque, with lateral openings into romantic little valleys, and here and there a silvery stream, overarched with trees, shot arrow-like into the sea.

"There! That is Fairhaven!" exclaimed Mr. Field, when we were about half-way up the inlet, at the same time pointing to a commanding eminence on the north-west side of the mountain.

Looking through my binocular, I could make out a number of buildings scattered over a wide expanse of ground, and rising one above the other, much after the fashion of a Swiss Alpine village.

"Mab is back, Field," said Fane, gazing in the same direction.

"The flag is flying, is it? Ah, your eyes are younger than mine, Amys."

I glanced at them inquiringly.

"Look at the large house which stands a little way from the others, near a grove of acacia-trees, and surrounded by a garden," said Fane.

"Yes; I have found it."

"Well, the flag you see flying above the veranda signifies that Queen Mab is at home."

"But I don't see any flag," I said, straining my eyes, and altering the focus of my binocular.

"Is it possible that I see better with my naked eye than you see with your spy-glass? May I! Thank you."

"It would seem so," I said, handing him the binocular, and showing him how to adjust the focus.

After trifling with it a few minutes, he gave it me back.

"It certainly brings things a little nearer," he said. "All the same, I can see quite as well without it as with it. I fear I should find a spy-glass rather a useless incumbrance."

This incident set me wondering whether my conductors' keenness of vision, acuteness of hearing, strength of limb, and monkey-like agility were peculiar to themselves, or common to all the inhabitants of the island.

After awhile, I squinted through my binocular again, albeit I felt that the act was a somewhat painful confession of physical inferiority.

Mr. Fane was quite right. I could now, being a mile or so nearer, plainly distinguish a flag flying from the roof of the house in which, as I presumed, dwelt the island queen.

But how we were to reach the place did not seem quite clear, for shortly afterward the creek began to trend in the opposite direction. When I asked Field, he smiled and said—

"Wait a few minutes, and you will see."

The few minutes brought us to a point where the stream divided into two branches one of which forked off to the right, the other to the left. We followed the latter, which, after running for a mile or more between high banks, widened into a beautiful lagoon, or, rather, fairy lakelet. In shape it was oval, and at its widest part about five miles across. Its shelving shores were laid out in orange groves and flower gardens; richly plumed birds skimmed its waters, as clear as crystal and as blue as the heavens; gayly painted boats rode lazily at anchor, while others, trimming their wing-like sails, floated leisurely toward a channel which seemed to wind round the base of the mountain.

It had been rightly called Fairhaven. Except in Italy and Switzerland, I had seen nothing with which it could be compared. It was as gracious as Como, as romantic as the Lake of our Four Cantons; and though the landscape may have lacked the grandeur of the Alps, the richness of the flora, the proximity of the ocean, and the rugged crest of the mountain, emerging from a mass of verdure and clad with a silvery cloud, gave this part of the Fair Island a beauty all its own.

CHAPTER XVI.—QUEEN MAB.

We landed in a little cove from which a steep zigzag path, winding among great cedars and towering palm-trees, led to the town—so steep, that being out of condition with our long life at sea, Tom and I found some difficulty in keeping up with our companions, who could hardly have walked faster if we had been competing for a prize. We two were continually lagging behind, and more than once Fane gave us a look which expressed both pity and contempt, as if he thought us very poor creatures indeed. This riled me exceedingly, and I did my utmost to overtake him; but he was in splendid fettle; the more I strove the faster he went, and when after a fifteen minutes' spurt we reached the town, I was completely blown and bathed with perspiration, while he was not even flushed, and breathed as quietly as an infant. I began to dislike Mr. Amys Fane.

As for poor old Tom, we had left him half a mile behind, dead-beat, sitting on a stone, and mopping his face with an ancient bandanna pocket-handkerchief. The town—village, rather, though it was the capital of the island and the seat of royalty—consisted of two or three hundred wooden houses. Some of them were lodged in the extreme, being little more than log huts; others were larger and more pretentious, built of boards, with verandas and external galleries, and brightly painted. All were thatched, and being more or less mantled with greenery and begirt with gardens, the general effect was gay and picturesque.

In the center of the village was a large square, on one side of which stood the church, distinguished by a wooden tower, and on the other a still larger building, known as Government House, used for meetings, public offices, and the like.

All the people we met were more or less piebald. Some bore a general resemblance to my companions, others were of the same type as the boatmen whom I have already described.

At last we reached the house where the flag was flying. It was the largest I had yet seen. Thatched, like all the rest, it had several high-pitched gables, and a wide porch with overhanging eaves. An open gallery ran round the building at the level of the upper story. Beneath the gallery was a veranda, supported by wooden pillars and festooned with vines.

A narrow path, winding between dwarf palm-trees and rhododendrons in full bearing, led up to the porch.

Two or three young women, with mottled complexions, were sitting in the veranda. One was reading, another knitting, a third seemed to be spinning something with a distaff; but as I had never seen anybody spin with a distaff, I could not be quite sure. These young women were all tall, well formed, and extremely graceful in their movements, for which their somewhat airy and easy-fitting garments of red every facility, and their sandaled feet were innocent of hose.

After greeting them gravely and courteously (an example that Tom and I were careful to follow), Mr. Field inquired if "she" was in.

On receiving an answer in the affirmative from the maiden who seemed to be most in authority, he requested her to announce him and his companions, and ask whether it would please the queen to receive us. The maiden bowed complacently, entered the house by the porch, and in two minutes came back to say that her mistress had been waiting for us all the afternoon with the greatest impatience, and that we were to go in at once; whereupon our conductors, beckoning Tom and me to follow them, went in without further ceremony.

The porch opened into a wide vestibule, at the end of which was a door. We crossed the vestibule together, and on reaching the door Mr. Field gave a sharp knock with his knuckles.

"Come in," answered a low and musical, yet, as I thought, a somewhat peremptory voice.

"After you," said Field to me, opening the door.

I obeyed him without hesitation, though not without trepidation, for my education in the etiquette of Courts having been somewhat neglected, I had not the least idea what was the right thing to do in the circumstances—whether I should enter on bended knee, kiss the queen's hand, speak first, or wait until I was spoken to. I had, moreover, an idea (one does get strange ideas sometimes) that her majesty was likely to be a crabbed old woman with a fat body and a sharp tongue. However, in I went—walked into the middle of the room (rather a large one) with as much composure as I could muster—and then stopped short in mute surprise.

At an open easement, which commanded a view of the mountain, the lake, and sea, sat a young woman reading a book with an ancient binding much the worse for wear. At her feet crouched an animal which at first sight I took for a huge mastiff, but when the creature rose to its feet, showed a row of fierce-looking teeth, and wagged a tail about a yard long, I saw that it was a wild beast, and not a lion or a lioness, uncommonly like one.

"Don't be alarmed," said Queen Mab, pleasantly. "It is only my pet puma; he is not used to strangers. Down, Cato!"

Whereupon Cato resumed his recumbent position, greatly to my relief.

"Mr. Erie, a passenger by the 'Diana,' the ship that anchored in the bay this morning," announced Mr. Field.

"Welcome to Fair Island!" said the

queen, rising from her chair and offering me her hand.

I took the hand and kissed it—a proceeding which nobody seemed to expect, for Mr. Field made a gesture of surprise and Mr. Amys Fane scowled. The queen, however, seemed in no way displeased. She smiled, bowed graciously, and then regarded me earnestly and curiously. I returned the look with interest; I could not help it. I should have done the same had she been ten royal personages rolled into one.

Never was woman better worth looking at than Queen Mab. She was within two inches of my own height, beautifully proportioned and faultlessly shaped. A tight-fitting dress of some dark glossy material set off her form to the best advantage. Round her waist was a pearl-studded girdle; she wore a necklace to match, and each of her arms was encircled with a cariously wrought bracelet of gold. Her face was, moreover, white, and her complexion pure. A mass of black curls rested like a coronet on a broad and noble brow, and her flashing, gypsy-like eyes, slightly aquiline features, firm mouth, and broad chin, bespoke at once intelligence, high courage, and strength of will.

Yet, kind as Nature had been to the island queen, she evidently belonged to the same queer race, as her people. Though her face was white (comparatively, for she was a decided brunette), the lower parts of her neck and throat were hued with bronze; so also were her arms, and one of her feet; for, like the maidens in the veranda, she wore neither sleeves nor stockings.

But as I had already found out, there was a marked difference between the piebald of the women and the piebald of the men. As touching the latter, the copper-colored spots were, so to speak, stamped on a white ground, and clearly defined; but with the women it was otherwise: the two shades blended into each other; you could not say where the one ended and the other began; and the more obtrusive color was less prominent and glaring. It should be observed, too, that none of the adjectives I have used for the purpose describe this color exactly. I have called it "red" and "coppery." It might with equal accuracy be defined as "cinnamon," as all three, in fact; for the piebalds vary as widely in the color of their epidermis as the so-called white races of Europe and North America. As for Queen Mab, though she certainly looked *bizarro*, I thought then, and I think still, that her peculiar tint of her cheek rendered her all the more striking and picturesque. At any rate, it made an admirable setting for the brilliant pearl necklace which adorned her throat and the white and crimson orchids which she wore at her breast.

"Excuse me for looking at you so curiously," she said, after our mutual inspection had lasted a couple of minutes, "but you are the first really white man and the first Englishman I have seen."

"We are all English," put in Fane, abruptly—almost rudely, indeed.

"We are pleased to talk so, and we are of English blood; but you cannot deny that it is rather mixed. There is a good deal of difference between you and Mr. Erie, for instance."

"You are right. He is not quite so tall, nor, perhaps, quite so strong. He is near-sighted, and hard of hearing, and so short-winded that it was all he could do to walk up the hill from the lake."

Dr. Talmage's First Sermon.

Ah, how well I remember the first Sunday in my first church!

The congregation gathered early. The brown-stone church was a beautiful structure, within and without. An adjacent quarry had furnished the material, and the architect and builder, who were men of taste, had not been interfered with. A few creeping vines had been planted at the front and side, and a white rose-bush stood at the door, flinging its fragrance across the yard.

Many had gone in and taken their seats, but others had stayed at the door to watch the coming of the new minister and his bride. She is gone now, and it is no flattery to write that she was fair to look upon, delicate in structure of body, eyes large and blue, hair in which was folded the shadows of midnight, erect carriage, but quite small. She was such a one as you could pick up and carry over a stream with one arm. She had a sweet voice and had stood several years in the choir of the city churches, and had withal a magic of presence that had turned all whom she ever met into warm personal admirers. Her hand trembled on her husband's arm, as that day they went up the steps of the meeting-house, gazed at intently by young and old.

The pastor looked paler even than was his wont. His voice quavered in reading the hymn, and he looked confused in making the publications. That day a mother had brought her child for baptism, and for the first time he officiated in that ceremony. Had hard work to remember the words, and knew not what to do next. When he came to preach, in his excitement he could not find his sermon; it had fallen back on the sofa. Looked up and down, and forward and backward. Fished it out at last, just in time to come up, flushed and hot, to read the text. Made a very feeble attempt at preaching. But all were ready to hear his words. The young sympathized with him, for he was young. And the old looked on him with a sort of paternal indulgence. At the few words in which he commended himself and his to their sympathy and care, they broke forth into weeping. And at the foot of the pulpit, at the close of the service, the people gathered, poor and rich, to offer their right hand—*Dr. De Witt Talmage, in Ladies Home Journal.*

The people who are making such a fuss over the youthful escapades and alleged extravagance of M. Georges Hugo have, says *Galignani*, evidently not read every incident in the life of the great poet. Who has not heard of Mme. Bionette and Mlle. Drouet, the creature of "Lucrezia Borgia"? The strangest of all Victor Hugo's adventures was a little love episode in which, by the especial request of the lady, the great poet of France came to the rendezvous in his majestic robes. A jealous husband, who thought that the poet was paying court to his wife, pursued him. But Victor Hugo, robes and all, went over the tiles to the adjoining house.

There are now three foreign-born United States senators—Fasco of Florida, McMillan of Michigan, and Jones of Nevada.

DO YOU ATTEND CHURCH?

IF NOT, DR. TALMAGE PREACHES THIS SERMON FOR YOU.

Why Some People Reject Christianity.—Gospel-Hardened Sinners the Most Difficult to Convert.—The Heavenly Shepherd and His Sheep. BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 11.—The following powerful sermon to non-church-goers was delivered by Dr. Talmage this morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and again in the evening in the New York Academy of Music. At the latter service the new choir of two hundred voices most effectively led the musical exercises. Dr. Talmage's text was John 10, 10: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a nice little property fenced off all for ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing we might go in and pluck the flowers and look at the deer and the statuary. It is a father's orchard, and there are bars to let down, and gates to swing open.

In my boyhood days, next to the country school-house where I went, there was an apple orchard of great luxuriance, owned by a very lame man who did not gather the apples, and they went to waste by scores of bushels. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents who fell through the same temptation, would climb over the fence and take some of these apples, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a surplus, and all going to waste, the owner of that orchard, reckless of making his lameness worse, would take after these lads and shout, "Boys, drop those apples or I'll set the dog on you." Now there are Christians who keep severe guard over the Church of God. They have a rough and unsympathetic way of treating outsiders. It is a great orchard into which God would like to have all the people come and take the richest and the ripest fruit, and the more they take the better he likes it. But there are those who stand with a hard and severe nature guarding the Church of God, and all the time afraid that some will get these apples when they really ought not to have them.

Have you any idea that, because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been surrounded by hallowed influences, you have a right to one white side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out so nobody else can sit there? You will have to haul, in your elbows, for there will come a great multitude to sit at the table, and on both sides of you. You are not going to have this monopoly of religion. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Christ, in my text, talks of the conversion of the Gentiles as confidently as though they had already been converted. He sets forth the idea that his people will come from all parts of the earth, from all ages, from all circumstances, from all conditions. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of his sheep among those who are at present non-church-goers. There are different kinds of churches. Sometimes you will find a church made up only of Christians. Everything seems finished. The church remains you of those skeleton plants from which, by chemical preparation, all the goodness and the verdure have been taken, and they are cold, and white, and delicate, and beautiful, and finished. All that is wanted is a glass case put over them. The minister on the Sabbath has only to take an ostrich feather and brush off the dust that has accumulated in the last six days of business, and then they are as cold and beautiful and delicate as before. Everything is finished; finished sermons, finished music, finished architecture, finished everything.

There are those here, perhaps, who say, "It is now ten, fifteen years since I was in the habit, the regular habit, of church-going." I know all about your case. I am going to tell you something that will be startling at the first, and that is, that you are going to become the Lord's sheep. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; you don't know my case; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about your case. I have been up and down the world. I know why some of you do not attend upon Christian services.

I go further, and make another announcement in regard to you, and that is, you are not only to become the Lord's sheep, but you are going to become the Lord's sheep this hour. God is going to call you graciously by his Spirit; you are going to come into the fold of Christ. This sermon shall not be so much for those who are Christians. I have preached to them hundreds and thousands of times. The sermon that I preach now is going to be chiefly for those who consider themselves outsiders, but who may happen to be in the house, and the chief employment of the Christian people here today will be to pray for those who are not accustomed to attend upon Christian sanctuaries.

You are now this hour in the tide of Christian influences. You are going to be swept in; your voices are going to be heard in prayer; you are going to be consecrated to God; you are going to live a life of usefulness, and your death-bed is going to be surrounded by Christian sympathizers; and devout men will carry you to your burial when your work is done, and these words will be chiselled for your epitaph: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And all that history is going to begin today. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find many of his sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. I do not know whether it was through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or whether it was reading Renan's Life of Jesus, or whether it was through some sceptic in the store or factory. Or it may be—probably is the case—that you were disgusted with religion and disgusted with Christianity because some man who professed to be a Christian defrauded you, and he being a member of the Church, and you taking him as a representative of the Christian religion, you said, "Well, if that's religion, I don't want any of it."

I do not know how you came to reject Christianity, but you frankly tell me you do reject it; you do not think the Bible is the Word of God, although there are many things in it you admire; you do not think that Christ was a divine being, although you think he was a very good man. You say, "If the Bible be true—the best of the Bible be true—I nevertheless think the earlier part of the Bible is as all the gory." And there are fifty things that I believe you do not believe. Nevertheless, I tell me in regard to you that you are an accommodating, you are an obliging person. If I should come to you and ask

of you a favor you would grant it, if it were possible. It would be a joy for you to grant me a favor. If any of your friends came to you and wanted an accommodation, and you could accommodate them, how glad you would be!

Now I am going to ask of you a favor, I want you to oblige me. The accommodation will cost you nothing, and will give me great happiness. Of course you will not deny me. I want you as an experiment to try the Christian religion. If it does not stand the test, discard it; if it does, receive it.

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to get many of his sheep among those who have been stung of evil habit.

It outrages me to see how soon Christian people give up the prodigal; I hear Christian people talk as though they thought the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and when they had run out then there was nothing to touch the depth of a man's iniquity. If a man were out hunting for deer, and got off the track of the deer, he would hunt amid the bushes and the brakes longer for the lost game than he will look for a lost soul.

They say if a man has had the delirium tremens twice he cannot be cured. They say if a woman has fallen from integrity she cannot be redeemed. All of which is an infinite slander on the Gospel of the Son of God. Men who say that know nothing about practical religion in their own hearts. How many times will God take back a man who has fallen? Well, I cannot give you the exact figures, but I can tell you at what point he certainly will take him back. Four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says seventy times seven. Now, figure that out, you who do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times, and yet be saved. Four hundred and ninety times! Why, there is a great multitude before the throne of God who plunged into all the depths of iniquity. There were no sins they did not commit; but they were washed of body, and washed of mind, and washed of soul, and they are before the throne of God now forever happy. I say that to encourage any man who feels there is no chance for him.

Good Templars will not save you, although they are a grand institution. Sons of Temperance will not save you, although there is no better society on earth. Signing the temperance pledge will not save you, although it is a grand thing to do. No one but God can save you. Do not put your confidence in bromide of potassium, or anything that the apothecary can mix. Put your trust in God! After the Church has cast you off, and social circles have cast you off, and the bank has cast you off, and all good society has cast you off, and father has cast you off, and mother has cast you off, at your first cry for help God will bend clean down to that ditch of your iniquity to help you out. Oh, what a God he is! Long suffering and gracious!

There may be in this house some whose hand trembles so with dissipation that they could hardly hold a hymn-book. I say to such, if they are here, "You will preach the Gospel yet; you will yet, some of you, carry the Holy Communion through the aisles, and you will be acceptable to everybody, because everybody will know you are saved and purified by the grace of God, and a consecrated man, wholly consecrated. Your business has got to come up, your physical health is to be rebuilt, your family to be restored, the Church of God on earth and in heaven is to rejoice over your coming. 'Other sheep have I which are not of this fold.' If this is not the Gospel I do not know what the Gospel is. It can scale any height, it can fathom any depth, it can compass any infinity. I think one reason why there are not more people saved is we do not swing the door wide enough open. Now there is only one class of persons in this house about whom I have any dependency and that is those who have been hearing the Gospel for perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years. Their outward life moral, but they tell you frankly they do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, have not trusted him, have not been born again by the Spirit of God. They are Gospel-hardened. The Gospel has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon on the pavement. The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before they. They went through, some of them, the revival of 1857, when 500,000 souls were brought to God. Some of them went through big revivals in individual churches. Still unpardoned, unblessed, unsaved. They were merely spectators, Gospel-hardened! After awhile we will hear that they are sick, and then that they are dead, and then that they died without any hope. Gospel-hardened. But I turn away from all such with a thrill of hope to those who are not Gospel-hardened. Some of you have not heard, perhaps, five sermons in five years. This whole subject has been a novelty to you for some time. You are not Gospel-hardened; you know you are not Gospel-hardened. The whole subject comes freshly to your mind. I hear some soul saying, "O my wasted life! O the bitter past! O the graves I stumbled over! Whither shall I fly? The future is so dark, so dark, so very dark. God help me!"

Oh, I am so glad for that last utterance! That was a prayer, as soon as you begin to pray, that turns all Heaven this way, and God steps in, and he beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennels, and he throws all around the pursued soul the covert of his pardoning mercy. I heard something fall. What was it? It was the bars around the sheepfold, the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Heavenly Shepherd let them fall, and the hunted sheep of the mountain come bounding in, some with fleeces torn of the brambles, and others with feet lame from the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

God forbid that any of you should have the lamentation of the dying nobleman who had had every opportunity of salvation but rejected all, and who wrote or dictated these words: "Before you receive this, my final state will be determined. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependents beneath a load of years and grief; but, O, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? And which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal. Adieu!"

Russia has forbidden enrollment of Hebrews as barristers and expulsion of those already enrolled.

LITERARY NOTES.

Bronson Howard is said to have cleared \$30,000 during the last year on his play "Shenandoah."

Gambetta's autograph brings about 400 francs; Bismarck's, 100; Carlyle's and Thackeray's, 100 each.

An amusing letter from Charles Dickens to a friend describing the death of Grip, the famous raven of Barnaby Rudge, has turned up; it is dated "Devonshire Terrace, 15th June, 1841."

A new hymn book, compiled by an English Catholic priest and just published by the Bishop of Birmingham, is the first Catholic hymn book that has included Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." It is also remarkable that this hymn has not been even sung in Catholic churches.

There has been some discussion as to whether Kipling's first name should be pronounced "Rood-yard" or not. But when we learn that his nickname in his family is "Ruddy," the question seems settled. He is broken down in health. His physicians have ordered him to take a sea voyage, and he has left London for Naples.

Cardinal Manning has written for Chambers' Encyclopedia the article on the Immaculate Conception, Archbishop Farrar the one on Christ, and Prof. Huxley the one on himself. "Truth of London says that 'if deep appreciation of the subject counts for anything' it will be safe to reckon on Prof. Huxley's contribution as being the most successful of the series."

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Life of Lord Idlesleigh" is described as "an elaborate study of political life by a man who knows little of politics and cares less." Mr. Andrew Lang is simply a man-of-letters, while Lord Idlesleigh was a man-of-letters only incidentally. The biographer deals with the political part of his hero's career dutifully, but never sympathetically.

Rudyard Kipling is not yet five and twenty. In appearance he is a short, stout, pale-faced, brown-mustached, Indian-born man, with keen blue eyes, and a resolute face, on which time and incident have prematurely traced many tell-tale marks, though a boyish smile at times breaks through his almost melancholy expression. He wears a pair of spectacles with divided lens, which together with a scarlet fez, give him a somewhat cynical look, and calls himself "the man who came from nowhere." In manner he is somewhat shy.

DRESS.

The man who is unconscious that his collar and cuffs are frayed, that his necktie is awry, that his coat is shiny at the seams and threadbare at the shoulders, that his boots are rusty and his hat is dilapidated, is a man who may be liked, respected, and in some sense looked up to, but who will never inspire a woman with the most passionate kind of love.

He may be a genius or a scholar, but he needs something to complete him.

He does not join his circle; and through the gap creep out all the little loves which give such a charm to life, and the smaller graces which make up what we mean by beauty.

He meanwhile is perfectly unconscious of his failure.

He does not see the jags and rags which distress those with whom he is connected.

When his eyes are open so that he does see them, he does not heed. So that his last state is worse than his first.

He is superior to his address. If you will like to call it so.

And it would be better for him if he were not. With a woman this kind of superiority is even more disastrous than with a man.

One of the things against which old age has to be watchful is that of carelessness of person, appearance and indifference to clothes which is part of its defects.

No longer able to be beautiful and therefore indifferent to all that used to add to beauty, the tendency of old age is to discard comeliness and descend to worse than dowdiness. It that insures personal ease. Thus they are unappealing to the eyes of those who love them.

FOR BRIDES.

Don't write silly letters to him even if he is fond of affection given in that way. Let it be by word or mouth rather than with pen and ink.

Don't complain to the man to whom you are engaged of the different members of your own family; it is not a good preface to matrimonial bliss.

Don't expect him to love you as no man has ever loved before; the methods of loving are very much the same all the world over. Be satisfied if you have got a good honest love.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP.

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ROMANCE OF PATENTS.

HOW THE INVENTORS ARE REWARDED FOR GENIUS.

Honors and Emoluments for the Originators of Valuable Ideas—Some of the Singular Articles from Which Fortunes Have Been Made.

"There is," says an eminent authority, "scarcely an article of human convenience or necessity in the market to-day that has not been the subject of a patent in whole or in part. The sale of every such article yields its inventor a profit. If we purchase a box of paper collars a portion of the price goes to the inventor; if we buy a sewing machine the probability is that we pay a royalty to as many as a dozen or fifteen inventors at once." Lord Brougham often said that he would gladly have exchanged his honors and emoluments for the profits and renown of the inventor of the perambulator or sewing machine. We are not wishful to lead our readers to covet what are termed "large fortunes" as really conducive to happiness or usefulness. "Fortune" is itself a heathen and not a christian word. But "invention" is another thing, and the remunerative results are a fitting element for consideration in these days. Howe, the originator of the sewing machine, derived \$100,000 a year from it, and from their mechanic improvements the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson are reputed to have divided for many years an income of \$200,000, while the author of the Singer sewing machine left at his decease nearly \$3,000,000. The telephone, the planing machine and the rubber patents realized many millions, while the simple idea of heating the blast in iron smelting increased the wealth of the country by hundreds of millions. The patent for making the lower ends of candles taper instead of parallel, so as to more easily fit the socket, made the present enormous business of a well-known firm of London chandlers. The "drive well" was an idea of Colonel Green, whose troops during the war were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached, and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it have been obliged to pay him a royalty, estimated at \$600,000. A large profit was realized by the inventor who patented the idea of making umbrellas out of alpaca instead of gingham, and the patentee of the improved "paragon frame" (Samuel Fox) lately left by will \$170,000 out of the profits of his invention. The weaving, dyeing, lace and ribbon making trades originated and depend for their existence upon ingenious machinery, the result of an infinity of inventive efforts.

The discovery of the perforated substance used for bottoming chairs and for other purposes has made its inventor a millionaire. George Yeaton, the inventor in question, was a poor Yankee cane-seater in Vermont. He first distinguished himself by inventing a machine for weaving cane, but he made no money out of it, as some one stole his idea and had the process patented. After a number of years' experimenting Yeaton at last hit upon this invention, which consists of a number of thin layers of boards of different degrees of hardness glued together to give pliability. He formed a company, and to-day he has a plant valued at \$500,000, and is in the receipt of a princely annual revenue derived from this invention. Carpet beating, from being an untold nuisance, has become a lucrative trade through inventive genius and mechanical contrivance. Even natural curiosity has been turned to account in the number of automatic boxes for the sale of goods of all kinds, and fabulous dividends have been paid by the companies owning the patents. The most profitable inventions have been the improvements in simple devices, things of every-day use, that everybody wants. Among the number of patents for small things may be mentioned the "stylographic pen," and a pen for shading in different colors, producing \$40,000 per annum. A large profit has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pocket to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that the inventor of metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1873, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000, producing realized profits of a quarter of a million of money. Another useful invention is the "darning weaver," a device for repairing stockings, undergarments, etc., the sale of which is very large and increasing. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass ball to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience is well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over \$200,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines,

and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him \$400,000 in United States bonds. Upward of \$2,000 a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived or for which large sums have been paid.

LOVE-MAKING BY RAIL.

One Dear Little Darling Was Afraid the Lamp Wouldn't Go Out.

The car was filled with excursionists returning from the exposition. Every seat contained a pair of Buckeye lovers. The last bear died in Ohio some time ago, but the art of hugging has survived. It was the midnight express, and the air was right chilly, but not a soul noticed that except a poor little married man who sat alone in the half seat by the unlighted stove. He looked down the car and noticed that apparently all the young men were armed. At least, but one arm of each male was visible. The light in the car was very low, however, and that may account for the phenomenon.

Lovers like twilight, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch. If Adam and Eve did not sing "In the Gloaming" it was because they knew a fresher song. And it was twilight in that car, for all three double lamps were turned down very low, and before the train was out of the Alleghany yards, the flame of one of them had sputtered, fired a moment and expired. Of course, every girl in the car was alarmed when the gloom deepened. Every girl got a little closer to her protector, and a few minutes later, when the second began to show signs of collapse—the flame leaping up frantically, as if afraid to die—about a dozen plaudisimo screams came from as many feminine throats.

The conductor opened the door a few minutes later and the draught finished lamp No. 2. This left one lamp alight at the rear end of the car. How anxiously it was observed! Would it go out? It looked consumptive, but there was no draught to expedite its decease. At last the train whistled for the first stop, and the little married man came out of his corner by the stove to alight. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door knob. The train had not stopped, but he opened the door, and immediately a gust of wind murdered the last lamp. As he stood in the doorway inhaling cinders and river fog, he had the satisfaction of hearing a sweet, low voice murmur behind him: "Oh, George, I was so afraid!"

"Of what, my darling?"

"That that lamp would never go out!"

Where sleep the brave?

Where sleep the brave to-night?

Ask the pines in a sunny land,

Ask the grasses that wave

O'er the dust of a gallant band

Laid in a hurried grave.

There sleep the brave to-night.

Where sleep the brave to-night?

Ask the waves of the mighty sea,

That once the heroes bore;

They sing a parting thronged

Against the rocky shore.

There sleep the brave to-night.

Where sleep the brave to-night?

Ask the winds from the starry sky

Where holy angels dwell;

They have roamed where the ashes lie,

And they alone can tell

Where sleep the brave to-night.

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

An Island Paradise.

The island of Hogolen, in the Polynesia, is an immense coral atoll, 130 miles in circumference, having four entrance passages. On the reef and within it are seventy islands, four of which, near the middle, are high basaltic masses about thirty miles each in circumference, magnificently fertile, yielding spontaneously many valuable products, situated in the midst of a rock-bound lake ninety miles long by half that width. This unknown ocean paradise has been for ages an arena of combat between two hostile races, one copper-colored, inhabiting the two western of the great interior isles, the other upon the two eastern, a darker people, with long, straight hair. The two tribes are supposed to number over 20,000.

Bull Run Battlefield.

I have just returned from a trip over the Bull Run battlefield, said Gen. McCook, recently, where my youngest brother was killed in July, 1861. I was assured while there that there have been but few changes in the face of the country. The lines held by Jackson in the second battle, especially in the railroad cut, are easily discovered. Huge trees in the vicinity of the cut were lopped off by shell and cannon balls during the fight, and the stumps still stand as mute witnesses of the fierce conflict that waged there twenty-eight years ago. The old and historic stone house and the Warrenton turnpike near Young's branch still stand, and the stone bridge over Bull Run has been repaired.

"Looking Backwards."

The Chinese government is tracing the Chinese race back into the misty past, and it has discovered that China was a great empire 3,000 years, B. C. They are now working on a clue to lead up to the discovery of America by a Chinaman, who sailed away and was never heard of again.

PERTAINING TO WOMEN.

Mrs. Hollenbeck of Los Angeles, Cal., has given \$500,000 to found a home in that city for poor women and homeless children.

A good many women are enjoying life in Maine lumber camps this winter. They accompany their husbands and fathers as cooks.

The Emprass Eugenie is reported to be a heavy loser by the recent depreciation in South American securities, as she had invested very largely in them.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer's widow, proposes to perpetuate her husband's name by building an observatory on Mission Heights, at San Diego, Cal. It is estimated that the building with the telescope will cost about \$25,000, and the bulk of this sum Mrs. Proctor hopes to raise by lecturing.

George Bancroft's dearest friend in Washington is said to be "Aunt Hartley" Graham, an aged and charming woman, who lives at the retreat for elderly persons of southern birth, founded by William W. Coker. She and Mr. Bancroft have a tele-tete every pleasant day. They were friends in their youth, first meeting in Boston. As a young man, Aunt Hartley says that the future historian showed remarkable skill in peeling a peach. But Miss Graham is distinguished in other respects than enjoying the friendship of nearly all the celebrities of Washington, past and present. Her grand-uncle, who furnished her with abundant conversation, was Mark Catesby, the famous naturalist of Queen Anne's time. Mrs. Jeff Davis, too, is her constant correspondent.

There is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, in which women are absolutely excluded. Yet such a place exists to-day, and has existed for centuries. As far back as history reaches, to all females it has been forbidden ground. This bachelor's Arcadia is situated on a bold plateau between the old peninsula of Acte, in the Grecian archipelago and the main land. Here in the midst of cultivated fields and extensive woodlands, dwells a monastic confederation of Greek Christians, with twenty-three convents, and numbering more than 7,000 souls, and not one of the monasteries dates from a later time than the 13th century. A few soldiers guard the border of this anti-female land, and no woman is allowed to cross the frontier. Nor is this all. The rule is extended to every female creature, and from time immemorial no cow, mare, hen, duck or goose has been permitted to make acquaintance with this territory.

Buttons for 1891.

A dull black wood button has in relief a four-leaved clover of jet.

Enamelled buttons with gold border show a peacock on a blue ground.

A brown leather button has a border of steel points and a white pressed feather tuft.

Parasemeterie buttons are made of thick cord or of cordonnets covered with gold threads.

A novelty is Buffalo horn made into buttons with steel ornaments and steel point borders.

A nut button, black, is surrounded by steel points and has a steel star in the center. Steel is considered very fashionable.

Another button has two cordonnets stripes which form a cross in the center; in the corners are two small designs in silk thread or cord.

A white mother-of-pearl button, with gold engraved ground, has flowers in relief and leaves in the dark, natural-colored mother-of-pearl.

A natural mother-of-pearl button, gold engraved, is in the form of a shell. Another mother-of-pearl button is adorned with metal flowers.

Small, pea-like dress buttons are made of hard nut or buffalo horn; also half-balls, four-hole buttons, with or without border, plain or in various colors.

Quite new are mother-of-pearl buttons with gold-trimming and blue stone ornaments, the stones being imitations of turquoises. These are also seen in oval form.

Another button has a central design in silk cord, around which small corner stripes form a star reaching to the border, where they are gathered in a thin cable cord.

A new button has a border of thick cord, and in the center a small leaf design covered with gold thread from which thick black cordonnets threads run in star rays to the border.

In the Russian mines last year 719 men out of 317,000—or about one out of every 445—were mortally injured in accidents. This is a considerable decrease from the mortality of 1887, when one out of every 480 was killed. In the coal mines the mortality from accidents was about one in every 485, or 533 in a total of 213,154. Thirty-two deaths were caused by premature explosions of blasts.

PROGRESS.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

Cheap Lands and Homes.

In Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana is the title of a pamphlet issued by D. G. Edwards, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Queen and Crescent Route, containing correct county map of these states. Mailed free on application to any address.

When Austin Dobson wishes to send a short note he selects a small, gilt-edged card and laboriously prints with his pen every letter but the signature. He got to doing this in order to save mistakes by printers in setting up his poems.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

